

John Edgar Wideman  
on Rioting, Racism, and Other White Lies

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1992 \$2.50

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Next Generation

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New Gamble

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Sophistication

AND

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Kissing No Ass

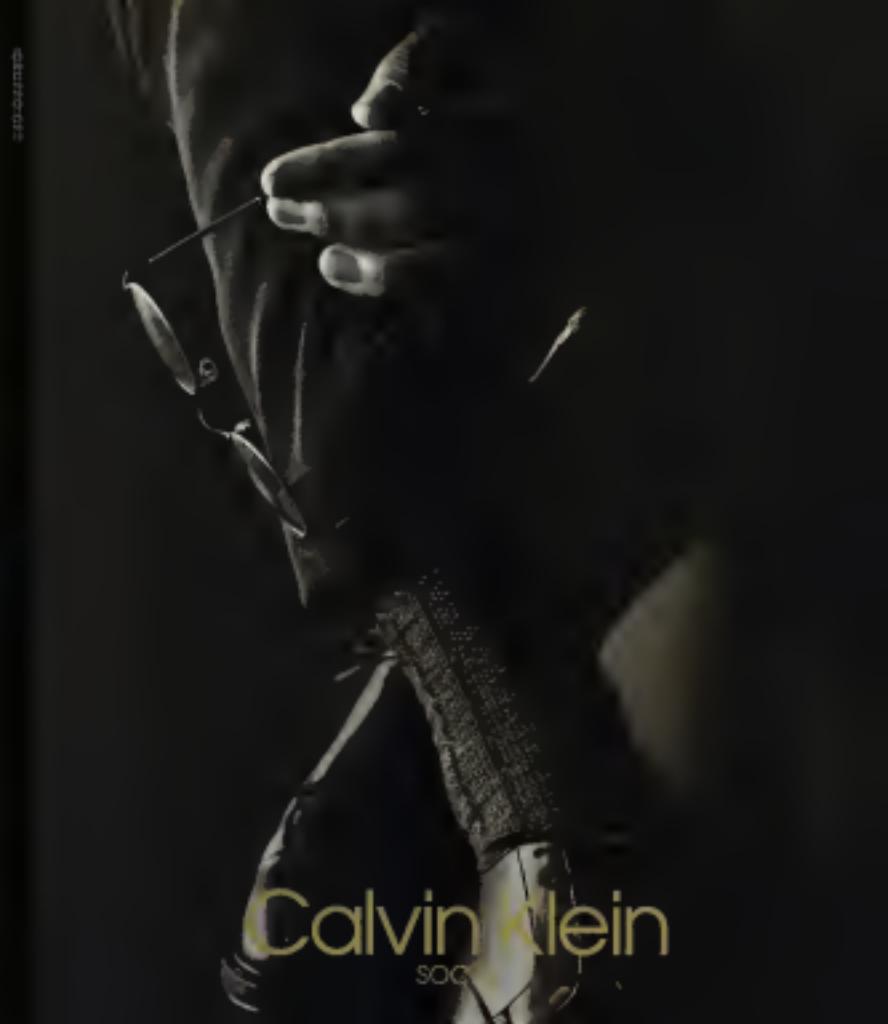
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# Esquire

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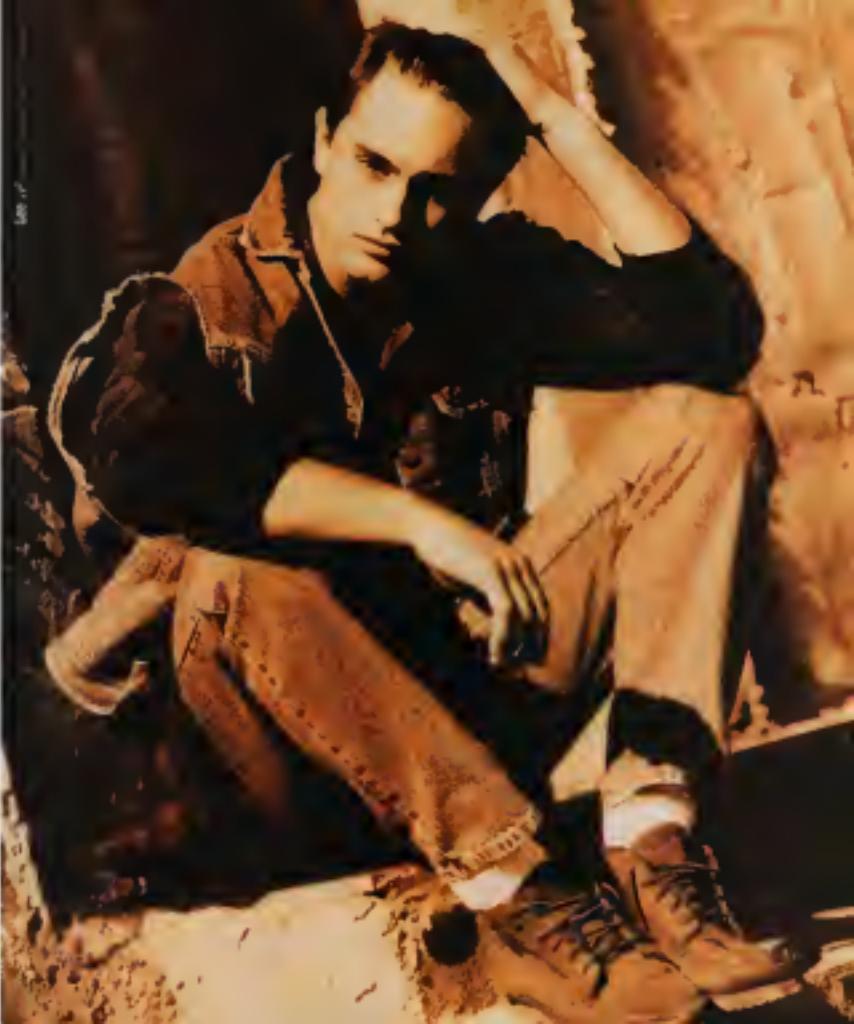
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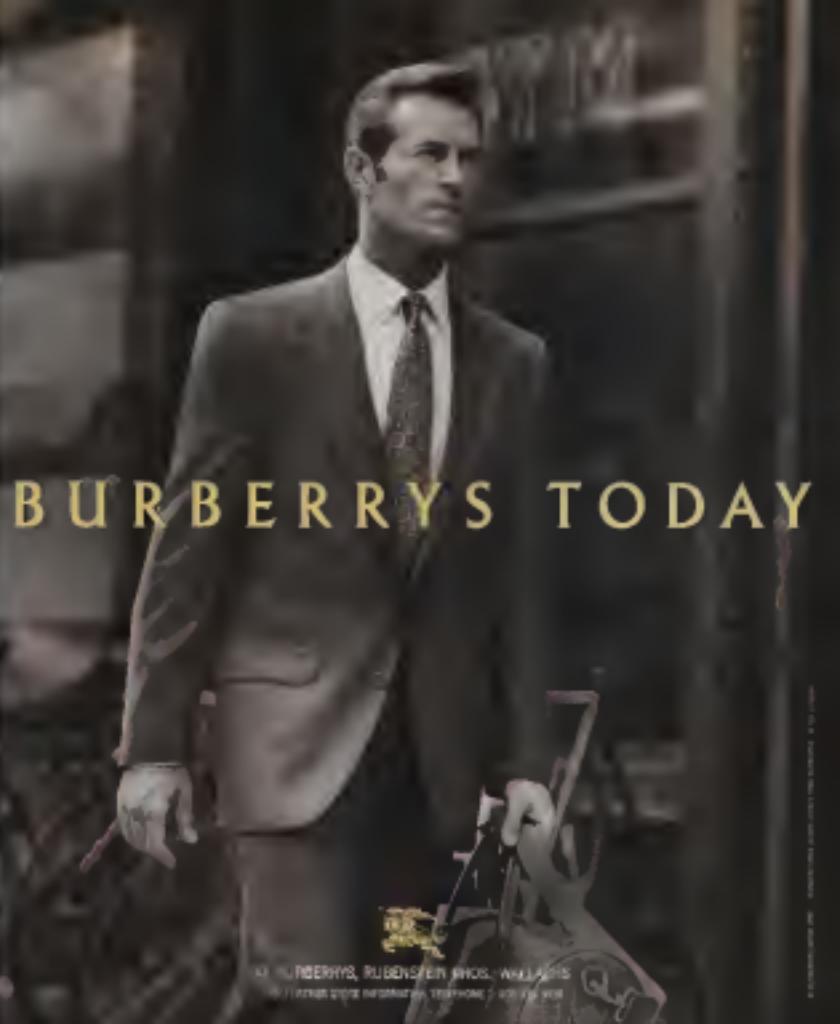
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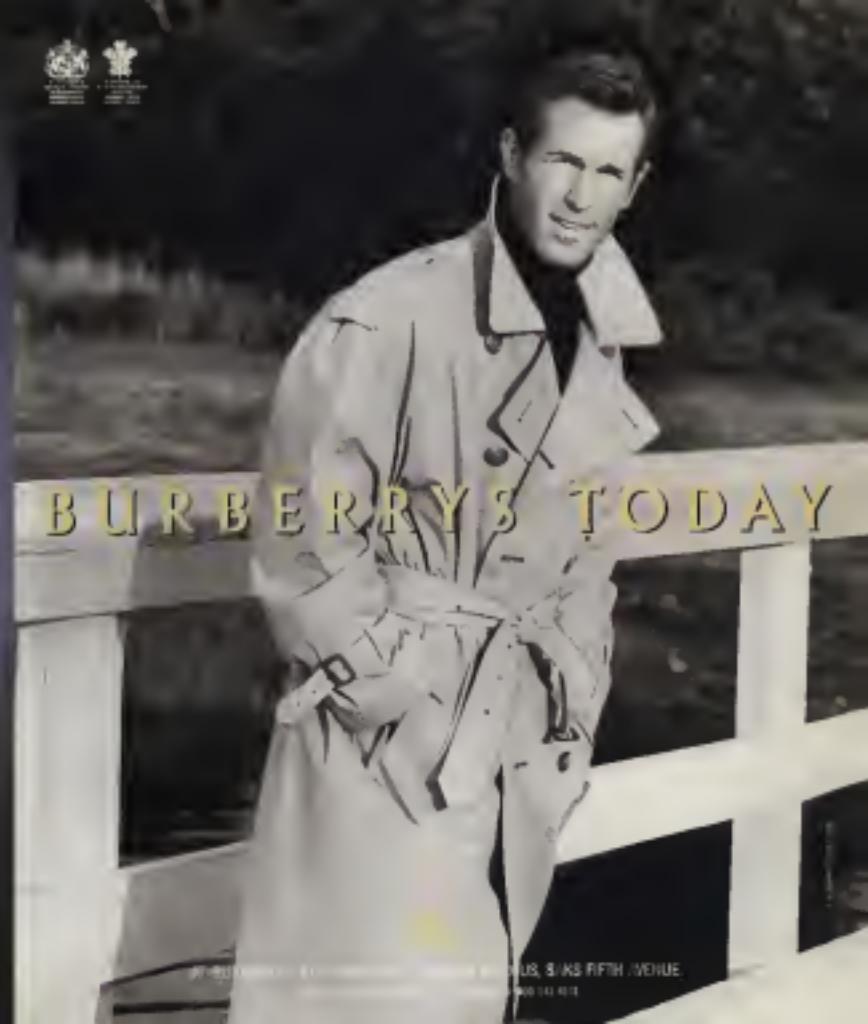
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Gary Hush,  
student

There was something odd happening on Hollywood Boulevard the other day.

This will not come as news to many of you. In addition to sun-robed calculus-sitting nudes and 40-ton busses from Tupelo, Mississippi (all carrying traps to the stars' homes), a man was traveling at 15 mph wearing half a pair of pants and holding a curious electronic device.

It was Gary Hush, our statesman, carrying the Nikon N6006, participating in what may well just another day in Southern California.

How, well, himself it all must have seemed. Mr. Hush is a photography student and crack roller-skater from the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena.

He was using the Nikon N6006 because it is a very sophisticated SLR that also happens to be easy to use. Mr. Hush, you see, is averse to slumming into pre-fab cars or rolled fenders while bidding with fenders.

Another fender. Unlike the N8006.

Should you feel you are doing something wrong, you simply push two buttons and the camera will revert to totally automatic. Its autofocus works quickly and accurately.



Gary Hush  
Art Center  
Pasadena, Calif.  
and  
Brentwood, Calif.  
Photo by the Author, 1996

(and aren't we all glad he did) by powering up the flash by one stop. He also adjusted exposure compensation on the camera minus 1.5 stops to retain some fine detail.

To create the sense of motion, he invoked a feature called Rear-Curtain Sync, which, well, basically puts a blur behind a moving subject.

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paper and magazine all over the country. The N6006, however, is the Nikon that we recommend when you think on photography and your body is on something else.

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## Mad Mail

I ENJOYED your June cover feature [George Bush vs. Alfred E. Neuman]. I had never realized the similarities (racial and ethnic) between the President of the United States and America's favorite cartoon. Unforunately, *Mad* magazine founder William Gaines apparently didn't share my sentiments, having passed away two weeks after the issue came out. He no doubt saw your cover and felt that you defamed his favorite cartoon by comparing him to George Michael Walker Bush.

—DEBORAH K. HANCOCK  
Wellesley, Mass.

YOUR JUNE 1996 ISSUE HAS A YAWN VALUE. The cover gives a good indication of the smart adult journalism inside ("The Power of Being President," by Richard Leo Conner). We can pass over the smugness as regards themselves without further words and go to the source: us and responded. To recall the Presidents of the United States as Mr. Conner did is inexplicable. That magazine is up to its eyeballs in bad taste.

—MR. AND MRS. JOHN A. WILDEWELL  
Lakewood, Ohio

## Mushrooms Crowd

LAST October McMenamy tried to get Mac together and his the road ("On the Road with McKenna the Texas Peoples of the Hood Psychotherapy Foundation, or Is He Coming Like Jesus a Little Bit Cracked?" by Mark Jacobson June). A few years on the road up circuit, then a average situation psychotherapy-resistant but raw New World Gull Free.

—STANLEY M. GALLISTEL JR.  
Austin, Tex.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND what Thomas McKenna is all about. I remember a 1977 vacation nearly two years ago at the basement of my college fire. My best friend had invited me, I think. For about ten minutes I was swept back to the dinosaur era. I think. After that we drank some home brew and fussed with love robes [as I sang], I visited my block and got zapped in the leg, I think.

—DAVID W. RUMMEL  
George H.

## Gringo Harmony

REGARDING ROVET'S ARTICLE ON PAUL EXCELSIOR, GUADELOUPE ("A Bleakable Flea," June), leads one to believe that French-Gringo history only recent dispossession and racism. Not true. There is a solid base of gringos who have a long past, who have lived here for years and have severely participated in development, a change in consciousness, ecology, the arts and social service projects. The more important in this discussion is an awareness that all of us, Indians, mestizos and foreigners, can live together in compassionate harmony.

—HELEN BURNS  
Papeete, Guadalupe



## Sorry, Charlie

WHAT WAS THE POINT OF "What's It All About, Charlie?" by Adam Platt (June)? Does anyone other than the most reactionary French try to take the French seriously anymore? The Winston family members won't work, pay no taxes, are called bigots and targets by "the communists," and goes to wear silly looking uniforms with lots of medals largely because the ignorant French people and American employees persist.

—DOLORES KORNBLATT  
Flushing, N.Y.

SO WHAT? Diana loves fishing and those "Simpsons" Chicas married at their—there he had more than enough time to have his wild sex. Her nose is broken and faded and should grow up and start using her nose.

—MARIELE TANGORIS  
Wilmette, Ill.

I DONT READ how the concept of the French mentality is hopelessly out of date, somehow lacking relevance in these modern times. And yet in a world that seems to worship vulgarity and at timespathetic irreverence, it would seem that the continental mentality represents how our human institutions can build an alternative world together.

—JOHN KIRKMAN  
San Antonio, Tex.

## Bright Lights

WOULD IT BE that Jay McMenamy is growing up from his cold blues, model days, Beer-bucking days? It appears so with his "WADAS Rollin'" (June) article to *Esquire* for publishing an excerpt from McMenamy's new novel, *Bright Falls*. The book were the days of the big party. The book is the time to cope with the accumulated hangover.

—J. LACOUR  
Wellesley, Mass.

LET ME SAY, CATCH UP, Jay McMenamy. Get overacted, shallow, and fraternal. Ouch, give me more before I pale.

—DAVID E. BURGESSFIELD  
Asbury Park, N.J.

AS A CLINICAL SOCIAL WORKER FOR MORE THAN TEN YEARS, I have come to learn that the first step in overcoming a problem is to already be a Jay McMenamy. His concern about such emotional problems as chemical dependency, grief, loss, curing diseases, and cultural malaise with such descriptions as to make his work immediately relatable to both undergraduate and graduate schools of pop psychology and social work. He has, with his brightening clarity, identified the clinical issues confronting today's *America*.

—TOM RINE  
Toms River, N.J.

NOT THAT PEOPLE ARE GOING TO START TALKING. You why you publish so much by that Jay McMenamy and so little by Glen Gold?

—GLEN GOLD  
Delhi, Calif.

## Song and Dance

TAKE BIG fat Marv's advice on looking and being ("The Raw and the Cooked," June), but when a come-to-sport Kennedy is heavy and less dancing oriented. Kick up your heel can tap-dance on the catwalk, playing "New Wave" on the laser on your kitten, and no one even bats an eye.

—TOM ROSENSTEIN  
Chestnut, Brookline

LET ME SAY, the other person I would wish with you children and deviant phone number in The Cleveland and the Big League, says Brooklyn, New York, NY 10039. Letters may be e-mailed to *Gringo* and *Alamy*.

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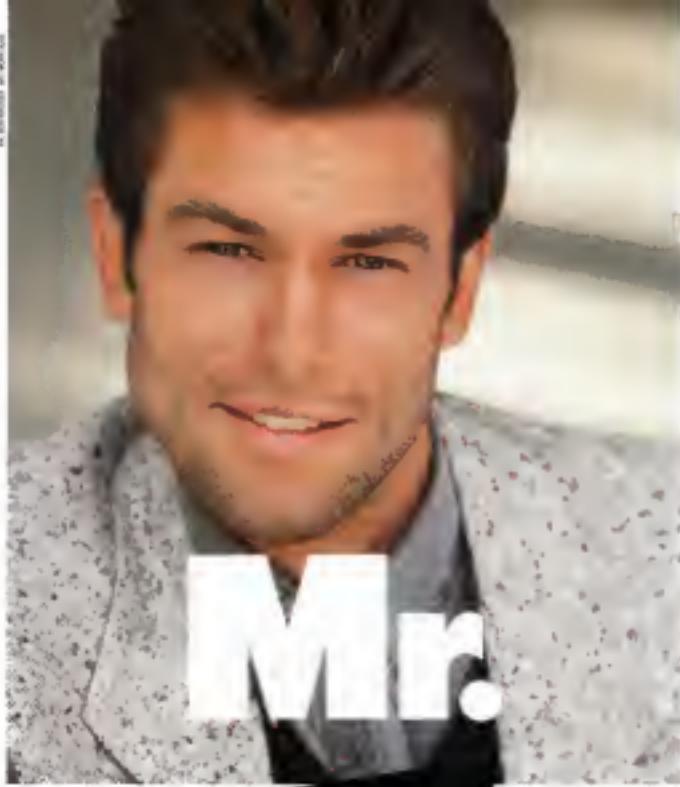
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# BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

THE CIVIL-RIGHTS BATTLES of the Fifties and Sixties notwithstanding, urban blacks are still losing the larger war that has been waged ever since—a backbreaking struggle for economic ascendancy. The Los Angeles riots are as much a



John Edgar Wideman

In our lead story this month, "Dead Black Men and Other Fellow Sons of the American Dream" (page 146), JOHN EDGAR WIDEMAN journeys to Los Angeles to examine the physical and emotional effects of the riot, placing it within its bitter historical context. "The Riotous" amounts to his *Sketches in Bronze*, Wideman says意味fully, "absurd force." Wideman is the author of *The Gold Bug Star*, *The State of the Negro*, and *Philadelphia Fire*, which won the 1989 PEN/Faulkner prize. "The lesson of Philadelphia Fire," he says, "is that the city can attract a group like [O.J.] today, why not you tomorrow? Indeed, I'm sorry it is us. Is there room for change? Is there room for difference? It's the oldest American question, and the answer in Los Angeles have made that permanent."

His far from South-Central Los Angeles, but a world away in its obsession with the business, is another community in crisis: Hollywood. If the 1950s and '60s were漫漫的Golden Age, then we have just come out of the *Absolutist Age*—in which everything was recycled. Now, in what L. M. RAY CARSON calls Hollywood's eleventh year (he studied the first nine in Esquire in 1989), there's a breed of independent filmmakers and a lot of bigcheaters who are trying to become the new players. "New kids on the Lot" (page 9) "These people are originals and want to tell their stories," says Carson, whose own credits include *First Time* (director) and *Town* (producer). "Once they were on the edge of the system. Now the system has met them."

Carson is a fellow at the Sundance Institute in "Ken Kesey Kites No. 8" (page 103). Collaborating Edgar Cox & Brown's mystery with the Melvyn Paisley on the eve of the publication of *Sister Frog*, Kesey's fine novel since right's *Smileless* a *Dust Nation*. After a few days of normal Kesey-style bewilder-

Brown will recovering, but gained a new appreciation one Only for Kesey's eccentric but far cruder independence from the East Coast culture east. "I'm looking for land in Eugene," says Brown. A staff writer at *The Washington Post* from 1979 to 1986, Brown has written several nonfiction books. In *Esquire*, including "The Transformation of Johnny Spivey," which received the 1993 National Magazine Award for best feature writing.

Contributing Editor Peter CARTER has suffered through some ridiculous conditions while on assignment for *Esquire*—reporting under fire in Afghanistan and remaking the floors of a mass murderer—but nothing has been quite as disconcerting as getting the nationally popular Robert Redford to open up ("Robert Redford Alone on His Range," page 106). "Redford turned out to be a man of great complexity," says Caputo. "Who would have ever thought the steely-eyed Redford had his favorite author, *Charlotte*? Caputo's *Memo of Duty* will be published in paperback next month by HarperCollins.

We didn't expect to hear from former senator SAMUEL ANDREWS again, especially since he's been dead for more than fifty years. However, we discovered a striking unpublished manuscript ("Fred," page 61) that reminds us why Andrews is considered a master of the short story. It will appear in *Cross That Line: The Selected Short Stories of Samuel Andrews*, edited by Charles Molesky, to be published in October by Poor Willis' Right Winslow.

We are pleased to introduce two new columnists that will run from time to time—WOMEN and LETTER FROM—used well features various *Esquire* writers. It has been twenty years since Ephraim's now-famous essay on beauty appeared in this magazine, and we're adding that to our biannual Winter column, "TRACY TURNS UP WHERE EPHRAIM LEFT OFF." In "A Few (More) Words About Beauty" (page 161), Tracy, a writer who largely for *Esquire* gives us a provocative view of the new state of women's beauty, "I don't want implants," she says. "I want another set."

After spending five months in Japan observing the advertising industry, WALTER SIEBEL is glad to be back covering the sequel of the presidential election for *Time*, where he is a tenured writer. Siebel, who traveled under the auspices of the U.S.-Japan Leadership Program of the Japan Society, plans to write a book on his experiences and on his Letter from Tokyo (page 9); the white shirt he keeps a spin of Japanese-knitting hand-knit, the kind of Attention, is over rated. "What's more devastating," Siebel says, "are the successful looks that being an American gain you. Even before Bush threw up, I sensed a lot of pay for Attention."



Bip Irvine



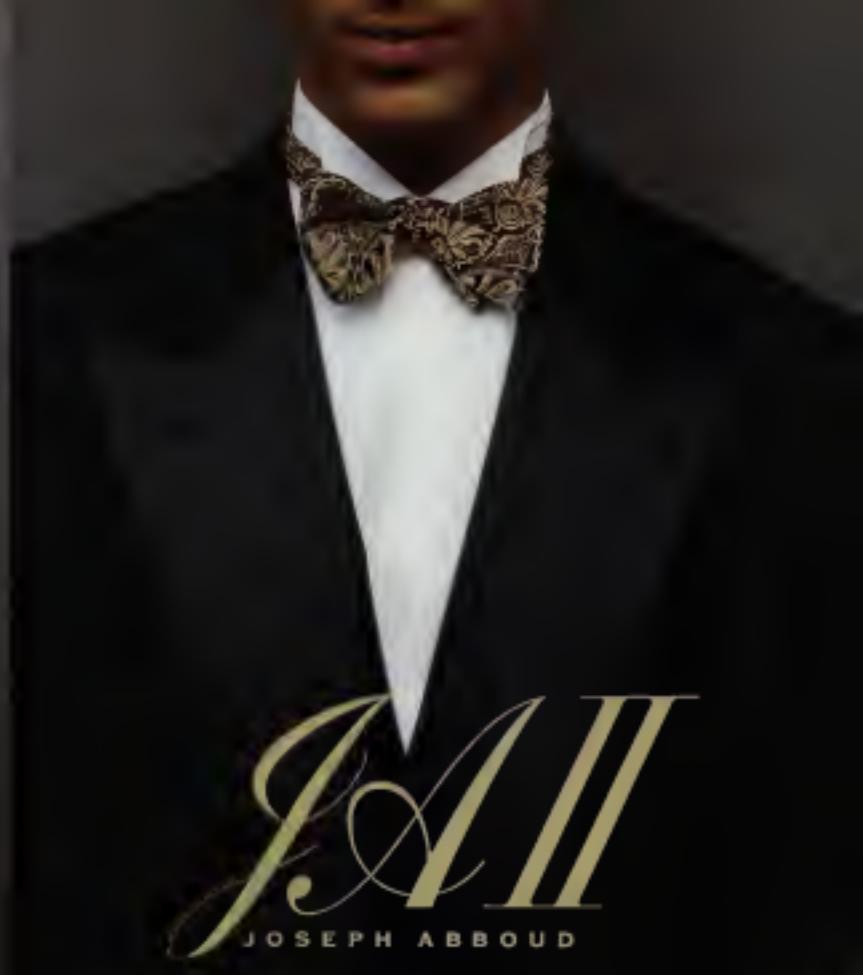
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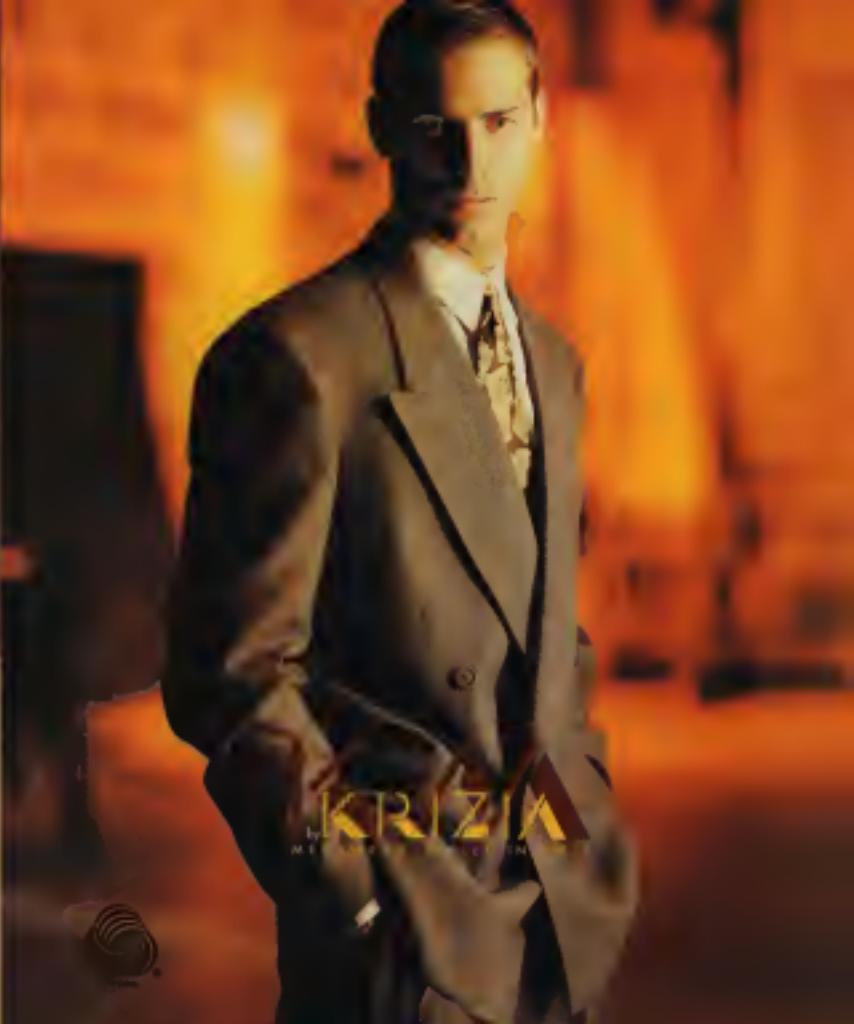
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EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

## Smoke 'Em If You Can Afford 'Em

**C**igar Aficionado (the ultimate men's lifestyle publication"), which defines this month, comes on a de magnificently long list of cigar boosters. These not-for-the-mass can be seen on the upper deck at baseball games, their heads bobbing in a giddy dance as they gaze



on a bent and hollowed-out pipe. There are three million of them.

Publisher Marvin Shlosser, their six factors and a man of many parts (he publishes *The Wine Spectator* each week), spends upward of a week a year on his books and tours a walk-in library that holds about 15,000 cigar photos (at present), and spends an average of \$250 a week on premium cigars to share; day know

their烟酰胺, and there are three million of them.

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## The Five Best Smokes

CHARTED FROM MARKS of Wellington, D.C.'s Georgetown Tribune, an outfit renowned for its expertise in smoking, comes the just hot topic right now: Should the U.S. decide to re-enter embargo on Cuba, you may want to stock your basement.

**1. Zino Victoria.** Medium strong, with a charred, woody flavor and an aroma that smell "smokey or peasey." Dominican tobacco, 16 to 18.

**2. Paul Sebastian No. 5.** More small cigars have been born and buried, but this dose-taker has the mellow flavor and the look of a big cigar. Dominican Republic tobacco, 15 to 18.

**3. Paul Sebastian Ambassador.** Blended as one, with a tapered end, a strong, slightly spicy taste, and an "overbearing" aroma. Dominican Republic tobacco, 17 to 19.

**4. Ashton Fiji Maduro.** Chardonnay, with a full-bodied, papery flavor. Each cut in the wrapper give it the space bar for the size of many mustaches. Burns cool and smokes all the way down. Dominican Republic tobacco, 15 to 17.

**5. Santa Rita Churchill.** Straightforward, with a smooth char cool flavor, two heads of the Zoro in less than half the price." Honduran tobacco, 16 to 18.



size. "Do a connoisseur. Cuban wrote the book," he says, referring to the remarkable library of the aficionados and still-illegal Havana cigar. So the question is, Do they really roll them here down in Cienfuegos? "Not," he says between puffs, "without qualifications." An idiot might burst and a revolution is only a revolution, but a good cigar is a smoke.

—JAY STEVENS

## Tartt's Sweet Deal

**WITH DOWN TARTT** signed at Berea College, she soon realized that her naive blossoms had failed to prepare her for certain facets of northern-and-English

ways. "I had never heard of 'midwives,'" she says. On the evidence of her first novel (lengthy at the reading), she's research any new words. The slender, well-formed sen' ascent in *The Sweet Honey* are closer related to the Victorian novelists the group up in class is just end-day mentor Fred Sauer (Billie Lourd) for her. That received a vigorous ab-  
valence from Knopf.

YOUNG ADULT

Donna Tartt makes a literary killing.



## We Have Lift-off!

**S**IT ON SPACE, the Final Frontier. This month's mission of the Space Shuttle Endeavor will yield many improvements using equipment that we more acrobatic first astronauts that understand as much to the fact that we will welcome our space shuttle a married couple on board, thus clearing the way for NASA to plan some serious tests involving, in government parlance, the navy.

Well, you seriously ask, are astronauts really gonna do it? And, if so, how does that work? Will the old problems still plague you in orbit? Or will the Zone-Gravity Dogtag be the next big thing? NASA doesn't answer on the subject. In fact, reputable sources have been pummeled for acknowledging that space travelers embarking on longer flights will no doubt do what comes naturally. And further for suggesting that when you know the early birds of orbit, the sex might just be better.

"There'll be much greater freedom of movement," says one agency NASA consultant. Finally, what about official Washington, where they write the checks for the stuff, and where there's not a rock, crater, or atmospheric disturbance around, where we hasn't been. Half Googly-eyesing unrealistic perversions could let 'em where they live. Not so-wacky Dan Quayle, chairman of the National Space Council, stands for nothing if not traditional family values.



DAFFY GARTH IN MEGAPAPIER, TOP DAVID GOLSON



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M A N A T H E S B E S T

JOHN BERENDT *Classics*

# The Poker Game

**I**F THE FUTURE would just be the top poker players run that country," Doyle Brunson told me back in June. "America would be a whole lot better off than it is right now." Mr. Brunson is a no-nonsense, step-around Texas oilie and author of the definitive book on poker, *Super/System*. When he speaks of the top players, Brunson is referring to money at stake: professionals. Some included, who to us in Las Vegas and elsewhere work eight hours a night, eight after eight, constantly calling or taking eight hours a night, eight after eight, constantly calling or

reaching with stacks of chips that would put a kid through college. At that dizzying height, poker is no longer the game of chance that it is for the other forty-five million Americans who play it. At this level, it's not even a game anymore. It's a business that depends on the application of mathematics, probability theory, psychology, concentration, and daring. The superstitious players are at masses of the fundamentals; they leave the cards as well they can calculate the odds to the nearest decimal point and reduce the chances of loss to a minimum. As played by experts of this ilk, poker would be dull and predictable indeed were it not for the player's own fears coming into play and knocking hell out of the odds the bladd.

Bluffing—both strong and detecting it—is what poker is all about. When poker was first being introduced on Mississippi riverboats in the middle of the last century, it was actually called *hell-bluffing*, a name that makes poker a quintessentially American pastime. Upon being invited to join a poker game, W. C. Fields once replied, "Is that the game where one removes the candle? And if there's two sides that's pretty good, but there's three sides that's much better? That's hell."

Some people are good at it, some are not. The once-Mobster Borsari had such trouble masking his facial expressions that

the bartender Franklin P. Adams declared, "Anyone who looks at Karamazov's face during a poker game is cheating." An expressive poker face is not, however, enough to fool the pros. They look for a whole range of indicators, known as poker parlance as tells—how a player handles his chips, whether he looks at his opponents or the eye, how often he glasses or has cards. Chip Reese, regarded by many as the country's best poker player, says blind people can be a sign that someone is bluffing. Arnold Stang, another long-time master of the game, watches for the tensing of certain neck muscles and his eyes for changes in vocal timbre. He claims to be so alert at the poker table that he can "hear an air plane pass at two hundred gucs."

Doyle Brunson goes Person one card: "I can't lose about anybody without ever looking at my own cards."

All of these men agree that poker is not so much a card game as a people game, and they believe that good poker players are among the most astute judges of other people. It is the aspect of the game that Brunson has in mind when he says the top players should be running the country.

From a poker player's point of view, George Bush is clearly illegible. All of the pros I spoke to, even Republicans, view his choice of Dan Quayle as an appalling failure of insight and judgment. Bush's demeanor, furthermore, is fraught with self. Under stress, his voice becomes high-pitched and ready. He cadences poorly. Finally, it is now clear that Rudolf Giuliani bluffed the press off him before and after the Gulf war. Ross Perot, on the other hand, plays his cards close to the vest in classic poker style. His low-balling point, however, violates a key Macbethian maxim:

The world belongs to the cool and hard—and Macbeth is at the peak point of poker. Of the three presidential candidates, Bill Clinton comes highest among the pros, because he is the least flippable, especially in the face of adversity.

As it happens, a fair number of American presidents have been poker players. Taft was Harry Truman's favorite form of relaxation. He played it on the presidential yacht with a group of regulars that included Chief Joe and Fred Vinson. He played it on the train with Winston Churchill on the way to Potsdam. Roosevelt, when Churchill was to give his Iron Curtain speech, He played it nonstop while sitting on the actress Augusta in the last months of World War II. On the trip, according to historians' books of LIFE, Truman, renowned neophyte to his cards, was training and announced plans to drop atomic bombs on Hiroshima. Once this graphic secret was laid out as far from home as page 15,

THEY SHALL NOT PASS BY ARNOLD ROTH



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DONNA KARAN  
NEW YORK



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN STICKLER FOR DKNY

## MAN AT HIS BEST

Jonathan Ross (opposite page 25) later publication," Smith's words, "we count the cards and drop."

No president ever more so grins than Richard Nixon. He played it in the Navy and was able to finance his 1966 congressional campaign with his savings. To a man, the press say they can assure that Nixon would be a superb player. They cite his focused, analytical mind, his self-discipline, his intensely competitive nature. Mike Cane, the author of *Mike Cane's Book of Tell The Body Language of Power*, goes so far as to claim that Nixon is difficult to read. Cane is considered a highly perceptive watcher of people, yet he told me that even at the height of Watergate, Nixon never gave any outward sign that he was lying.

"Oh, come on!" I said. "What about those shifty eyes?"

"Those shifty eyes tell you nothing," said Cane. "Nixon always has shifty eyes." ■

## REALITY CHECK

**W**E DON'T know why the Swiss decided to honor their country's famed senators from world affairs in their pavilion at Seville's Expo '92. The dignitaries, in T-shirts, brackets, and in the partition walls:

SWITZERLAND DOESN'T EXIST. It could be their (generally spans) attempt to get noticed in the hardsell of Europe these days. Or they could be right.

TED MORRISON

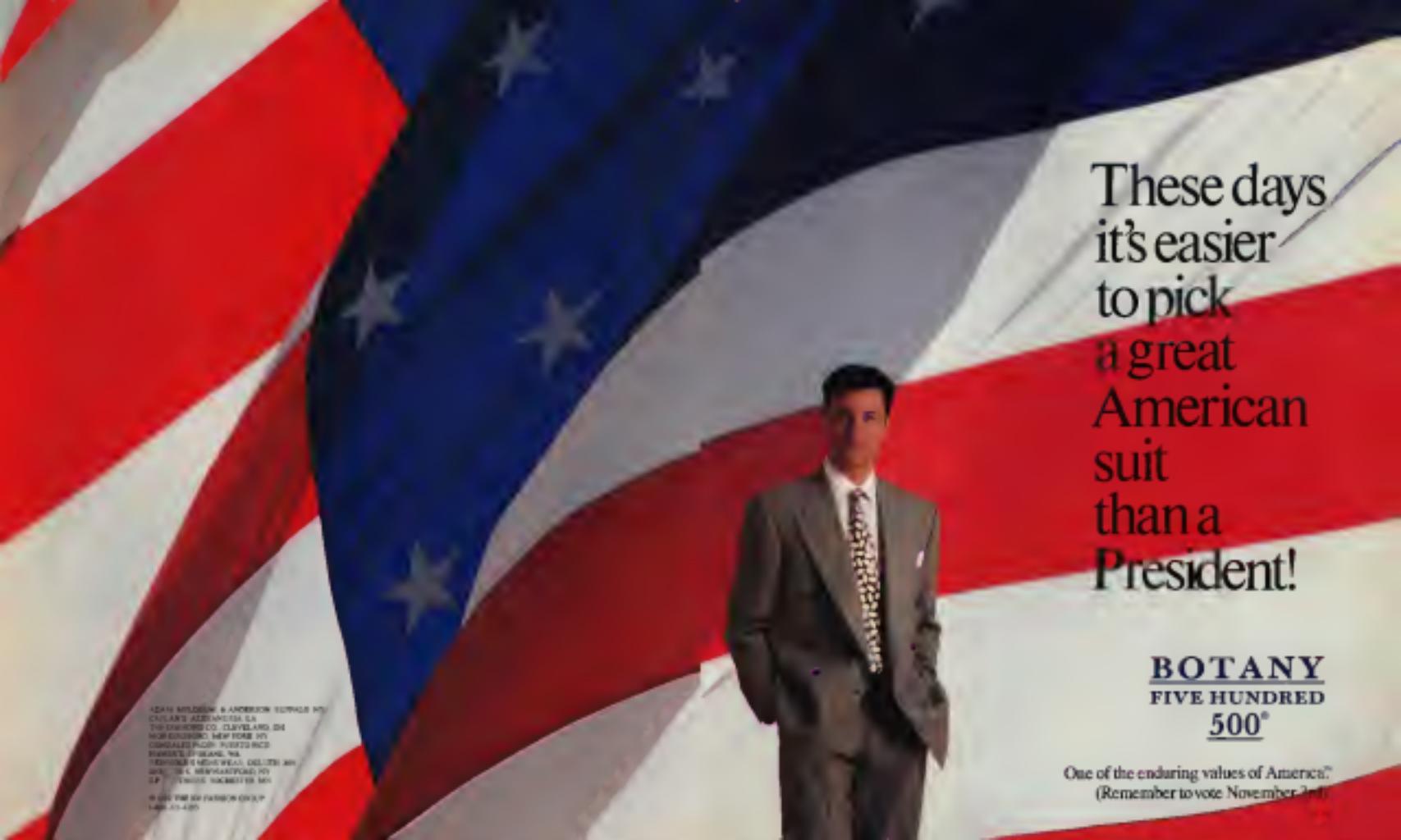
**TIME MACHINES:**  
Chronograph (left to right, from top)  
by Patek, \$1,250;  
Tag Heuer, \$1,250;  
Raymond Weil,  
\$1,095; Jaeger  
LeCoultre, \$1,400;  
Omega, \$1,250;  
Gucci, \$1,250;  
Army, \$1,250;  
Bering, \$1,425



STEVE

## On Time and on the (Blunter) Cutting Edge

**S**OMEHOW, IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM APPROPRIATE TO BE STRAPPING ON a slim, devilishly elegant watch in the midst of a recession. It doesn't look right. What does is a watch (in the new hands-on parlance, a chronograph) that really works for you. Not that you honestly need that tachymeter, countdown timer, compass, or the dual time displays. But clock shops tend to look favorably on such features, if it comes to that. ■



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M A N A T H I S

B E S T

NEW FACES

NIKE  
APPAREL

# Bardot Redux

NORMALLY we wouldn't make so much of a thirty-second television ad. But the new Chanel perfume spot, directed with fire by Jean-Paul Goude, reassesses France's steadfast commitment to its eminent export: stardom. The starlet in question is nineteen-year-old Vanessa Paradis, and not only is she the new face of Chanel; some are calling her the new Bardot. "People just keep calling me that," she says. "It's bizarre, I'm telling you."

Disco and charming as it is, the commercial, which debuts statewide during the U.S. Open, reportedly caused a minor scandal at home. Lord knows the French weren't upset with the treatment of Paradis, who is tethered to a tuxedo in a bridge. It was more with the choice of the young Parisienne, known previously in France as a nymphette or pop enigma (she had a hit single at fourteen with the coquettish "Joe le Tex") or a drugged-up Lotus, which was her role in *New Blood* (for which she won a French Oscar). Her latest career move should further shock her countrymen: a collaboration on an album with dreadslocked pop dorklet Lenny Kravitz, due this fall. Still, a question must be asked: If a starlet makes a move and no one is offended, is she really a starlet? \*

**King of Paradise.** Vanessa Paradis, the liaison in a long line of French starlets

MICHAEL COMPTON



Michael Johnson / Time 11/19/01



Chris Mullin



Berry Siefers, Detroit, Michigan 5/26/02

MACHINE WASH  
COLD WATER  
DO NOT BLEACH  
TUMBLE DRY  
HAVE HEROES

KURT LODER Off the Charts

# Spirit of Love

**M**AKE FASHEE and the Prisoners of Conscience (raspberries) Seger and guitarist Fasheh is a star in his native Nigeria for reasons that are easily apparent on this record. Producer Steve Van Zandt—probably still best-known for his years as a member of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band—brought a great ear and some much-appreciated hard-guitar smarts to the studio, and the result is that rarity, a rockabilly fusion project that really rocks. Fasheh's vocal and lyrical resemblance to the late Bob Marley is both eerie and earned, and there's nothing received about the heat his band generates, either. These normally resistant to Afropop grooves should audit this man immediately.



AFRO DROVERS Magid Rashed socks his rota.

## Elvis: The King of Rock 'n' Roll

The Complete '90s Masters, Elvis Presley (RCA). Take the five CDs, 140 goddamn tracks—not every hit the man ever had, but most of the great stuff. Plus outtakes, interviews, dockside press-conference utterings, relentless discography, and, oh—the Sun Sessions, a sacred rock document. May RCA now, finally, let the man and his off-released legacy rest in peace. Sure.

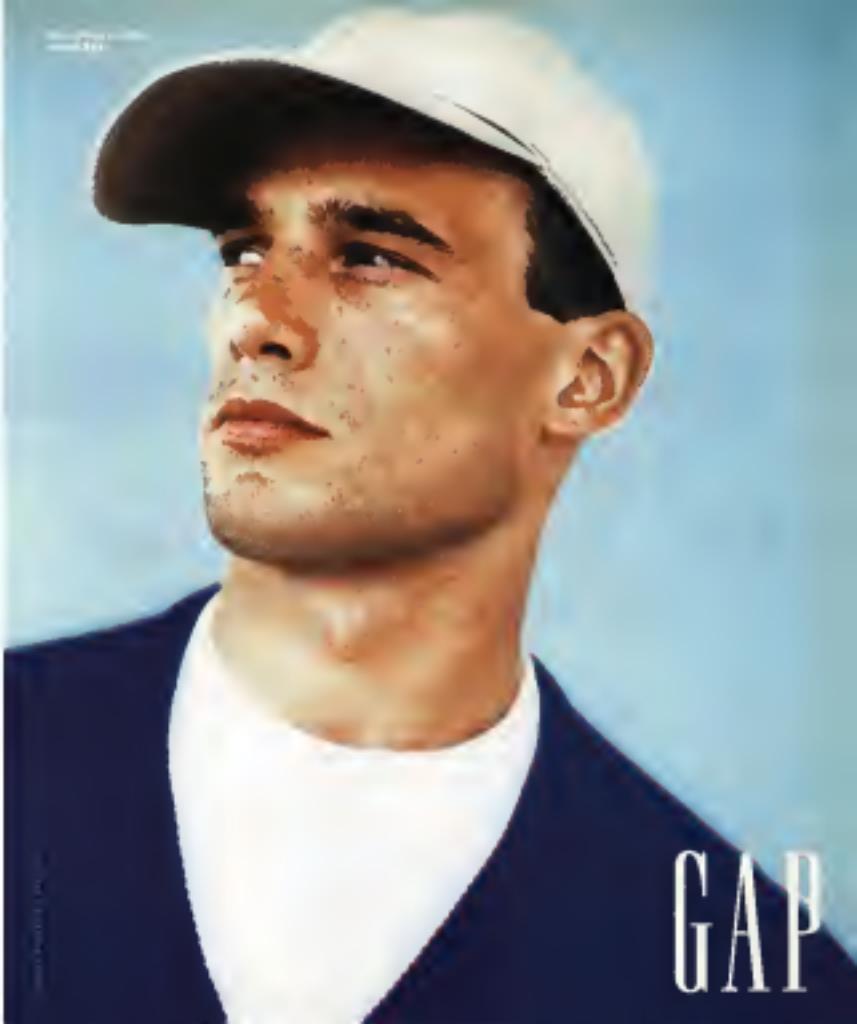
UNREAD ELVIRI All you'll need unless you're like me

### Ocarina

**D**IEGO MASCARO and Jean-Philippe Audier (Presto Music; Digital force compilation from Italy and Germany) The French may have the deepest—and quietest—pop sensibilities in all of Europe. I won't name the Jerry Lewis empires where one need. This CD sets it all. Audier, a young classical ocarinaist, joined forces with a Van Halen hornist, and a 30-year-old cultie and Modena, an aggressive folkie teacher with a teaching persona for the long torso circa folk-flute called the ocarina, made another surprise in a series of songs神秘化 by one of their producers. Musically, this is Euro-Jake chick-nugget at its most warped (which is to say it's delicious). And set Audier's voice to Geoffrion Cappa's singing—it may have been a very jazzy time. And...well, Modena probably is the most accomplished ocarina player you're likely to hear (unless, possibly, you ever hear another one).

### Song of the Turkish Dervishes

**S**OTTI MUSIC: The Zile Ceremony (Halim Brothers/Arve). A dark, hypnotic gust of Islamic inspiration. In the fifty-minute ceremony recorded at a French shrine, focused on sight, a Sufi master surrounded a circle of his dervishes, or disciples, together they chanted psalms from the Koran and recited incantations to summon divine energy through silent—hypnotic evocations of the greater of God's names, Allah. There's some rough breathy flutes and occasional muscular percussions, but it's the somber moods here and their repetitive interactions that give the music its mesmerizing pull. The solo vocal representations are fairly hair-raising too. Even children will recognize this as mid-music of a powerful order. ■



GAP



# TIMBERLAND. BECAUSE NATURE IS A MOTHER.

Fresh storms in California pound the earth with water and unleash avalanches of mud.

A river in a quiet New England city burns its banks and creeps downstream, encroaching on houses and commercial establishments.

Such phenomena occur each year. And the fact that we are mechanized, urbanized and sheltered does nothing to change the age-old pattern. Fact is, the



wrapped omnibus isn't something a thousand miles away.

Very often, it's right outside your window.

Luckily you can also find protection right outside your window — or closer to it — in a broad array of waterproof clothing called Timberland®. Two decades ago we began building a hand-to-toe system of premium leather clothing for

nature's worst and wettest moods, a system that we improve with each new season of weather.

You can now buy latest thinking in a durable, warmly lined field coat that's as waterproof as it is handsome. A coat that lets you wear premium Timberland Nubuck leather through mudslide or monsoon.

And no matter what pours down from the clouds, your path will be warm, dry and comfortable if you count on the leather boots and shoes shown on these pages.

Note the classic welly and the traditionally rugged chukka-linch boot. Different as they may be, both are equally waterproof. And to see the Oxford and

chukka. You may wear one to the office and the other to the woods, but the enduring comfort and waterproof performance are the same.

Each year, we test our products in the 1,049-mile historical dog race,

nature's most thrashing crossroads.

Something to remember next time you're stuck in a storm on the Interstate.



**BOOTS SHOES CLOTHING  
WIND WATER EARTH AND SKY**

In Selected Stores, see Retail Directory after p. 34

## Brushes with the Law

I began painting years ago as a child and have continued. These pieces reflect a desire to be a painter, a painter, and still painting. But now the desire is no more, and the Texas Print Art Show is the main issue. This year there brought some 400 pieces by proven or up-and-coming artists, including well-known Texas printmakers.

CON ARTS



~~See entries: Albany City Council~~

Walls another whose tortured red-and-blue "Jesus" is severely detailed is homespun prouer to use. If someone tries to sell you a signed Jesus don't buy. The grottoes are like the man's short-beard brother negro.

Thus, you'll say "good" in  
scriptiles, write to Paul Coates for  
other kinds of assistance.<sup>1</sup>

## Books of the Month

Fedor's Lunch

By Tom Chavolla (Kauf)

**H**ave you ever thought about the extraordinary life of one Dan Foley? Son of an undersheriff, Folley married twice; befuddled husband and father, *Author of Honda*, multi and broken. A man who lived and died fully by the motto, "If you can't change, I won't drink." And above all else a considerably droll and witty author.

list about nearly everything—his name, his past, his ability to make clever—but his motives always remained hazy. What's amazing about this slender first collection is how it owns the last real stamp of a much-future-tense, writing through the years of its human life with all the speed of one itself. **14**

## What's So Social About Darwinism?

**O**UR RACE IS DEPRESSED BECAUSE we are excluding one of us with the open. We think on our worthy of being considered his men among us. The flavored James H. Gordon who referring to black people. A modest request, you it think, not being exhibited with open and one that many folks would understand as legitimate, but for Gordon and the New York Colored Baptist Ministers' Conference at a recent session proposed. It was 1905, and an African man named One Bright and the Justices of the peace on the Monday House in the Bronx 200.

In Ch. Beaga (St. Martin's Press) Phillips Verner Bradford and Harry  
Thompson say much else, and both go in the same way when pleased! *Folk* 18

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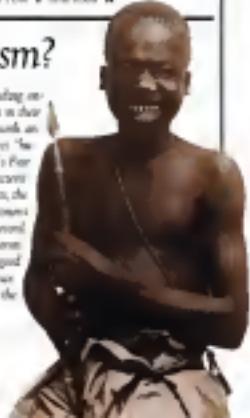
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**ZERO GROWTH:** Ota Benga: tamed the savagery primate of American culture

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# OBSSESSION FOR MEN

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Calvin Klein

# Assets

ANDREW FEZZA



M A N A T H I S S T

THE SEASONED COOK

## The Anti-Pasta

**O**n another occasion, I was cooking rough dough and tender *fusilli*. There was all I could do to convince me that fresh pasta is like aged cheese. Why make it if you can buy it? Then I tried spiraling and decided pasta by any other name is a lot more appetizable.

Actually closer to gnocchi than pasta, there are loads simple carbohydrates are racing up to the most surprising places lately. In the last few months I've found sophisticated versions of those Italian-German dumplings in New York, along alongside lamb dumplings from Pino Piro, winding up in soft

up-to-the-milk-supplying places lately. In the last few months I've found sophisticated versions of those Italian-German dumplings in New York, along alongside lamb dumplings from Pino Piro, winding up in soft

gnocchi to ravioli with sautéed mushrooms. The dough is made with fresh herbs to bring even more lightness of being as what was once weight off as only a wintergreen needs.

Spiraling is another side dish, but I've found it's really satisfying as supper with only butter and cracked black pepper for sauce. To make a meal for two (or a side dish for four)

first bring a big pot of salted water to a boil. Add blanched three cups of flour in a large bowl and mix in half a teaspoon of salt, a quarter-teaspoon of fresh pepper and a half-teaspoon of espresso. Make a well in the center and break flour onto large egg into it. Pour in one cup of salt and beat with a wooden spoon until the mixture is smooth, but not so much that the dough starts to zone like Billy Fury. Now add in three to four table-spoons of mixed herbs (basil, marjoram, oregano, rosemary, parsley) and less than a half cup of tangy but dull, cilantro. Feed under any long stalk in the herb garden

and the just be sure to rub it really free.

When the water is boiling, spoon a spoonful of the dough into a colander so the heat you usually use for chewing becomes. Holding a over the boiling water, press the dough through the holes with the back of the spoon as if to make little bubbles. When the spirals float to the surface, they're cooked.

Scoop them out with a non-stick shovel and place in a warm bowl. Then repeat with the remaining batter.

To serve, you can top the spirals with a butter-sizzling slab of sweet butter and lots of salt and pepper, heat them in a skillet in an cold meat pan, or sauté them with your usual spaghetti sauce. In any case, it's really faster than you can make biffalo's macaroni and cheese.

The only thing sauce would be my friend's recipe "Spaghetti à laz cooscoo—you buy the hot." That I think I'll never eat cook for festuccine.

—RISTINA SCHRAMMERO

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Acura Vigor GS

Imagine settling back in a comfortable leather seat, escaping the pressures of the outside world. You adjust the volume on your one-of-a-kind sound system and take in the unobstructed view. But instead of turning the page of your book, you downshift and turn the corner.

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the way the seats hold your body in place to the way the controls respond to your touch. And knowing you have standard anti-lock brakes and a driver's side air bag will surely help you relax.



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PREDATOR TO YOUR SENSES.

PHIL PATTON Design

# Cyber Fibers

**T**HREE ART

the patterns of today," says Dwight Hall, man of Cyber Fiber (below). Floor Coverings for a Digital Network), which adapts the images of electronic circuitry and microchips to rugs. "You know how people do it? They were the patterns of that culture. These are the patterns of our culture."

For years, whenever walked into the office of any Silicon Valley executive of a company rank you would inevitably find on the wall a diagram of a microchip, computer planned in bright red or and fanned like a stylized pine. In complex patterns full of detail so readily engross the eye. Then the Museum of Modern Art caught on to share Information Art. Diagonally crisscrossing at nose an national tour. "When I saw the MoMA show," says Hallinan, "I was really finding out."

Hallinan wasn't the only one. Thanks to a new generation of rug and carpet weavers and designers, you can now something close to those chip maps in your home. This is being, since it was the jagged form, with its pixels and patterning system, that required the invention of the IBM punch card and

the computer to run. You could call it the first computer driven machine.

An old Marin house that used to belong to a new carpeter Tim Van Campen designs rugs on his Mac II with Best Paint Professional Adobe Photoshop and a Hewlett-Packard color printer. The studio sits three handwoven on Charo, or Michael and Solberg. Van Campen juxtaposes complementary tones to produce what looks like a woven tapestry, soft warm colors, called

"second color." It is the antithesis, that are the key to his pattern Van Campen plays with the programs, takes a lot of an image he likes, then it shapes and results a. He calls

"these patterns are possible to the eye. They are seriously arranged now. How come is that?" ■

## Peace Is Breaking Out All Over

**I**N THE WAKE of the L.A. riots, ranking representatives of the city's street gang have buried the hatchet and joined DELL, or Bloods and Crips United for Peace (BCUP) a full-line marketing concern (projected 1991-1992 profits per year response) with a three-pronged attack on environmentally correct car wash, a brigade of Coke and Pepsi man rendevous, and Flagz-a-Ragz, a company that will market "the once T-shirt" bearing the legend MONITOR CAN NEVER MAKE IT UP. It's been the success for New World Order aficionados Gorbachev's invited southern California last May. Are we absolutely sure he didn't perform a little shuttle diplomacy in South Central?



**Made by**  
**MICROCHIP:**  
Cyber Fiber rug  
design: Tim Van  
Campen design,  
about and below

she much "complicated scenes."

So that something produced by a computer necessarily has no look only like the slopes in that computer. In the Cyber Fiber, too, Hallinan turns the slopes of memory into echoes of Indian ceremonial at the Creek border on the coffee-shop paper rug. Other rugs in the line are instead of stage sets abstract more like architectural renderings or maps for urban redesign: Apartment City, rendered in orange and Marimekko blue and red. The nearby, low-thick part area of several of the Van Campen rug look less like currency than like some computer generated diagrams from chaos theory, the collapse of old looks or seems in a crystal, shimmering in the view of an electron microscope.

For, as Hallinan points, "these patterns are possible to the eye. They are seriously arranged now. How come is that?" ■



DRAKKAR  
NOIR

EAU DE TOILETTE  
Guy Laroche  
Paris

Feel the power

PAUL SCHNEIDER from Housing



## Next Stop, Pelham

**THE PLACES** Thirty minutes to Grand Central—no problem, no problem goes on the study shelf that leads from your front door to the train station. Pelham, New York, is more suburban than Brooklyn Heights, more urban than Chappaqua. It's the suburb for families who would like their wings at the center of the universe without dropping off the face of the earth.

**MY LITTLE HOME**: Much of Pelham was built by developers in the 1950s and 1960s, but after three decades of a sunny, clear Victorian, colonials and Tudors have replaced older styles in sections that is very distinctive.

**THE NEIGHBOR PARADE**: For a little over that, however, you can get into a nice little three-bedroom townhouse. For a little less than

as million, you can place yourself in a jumbo Tudor with a view of the Bronx and a whole acre of land.

**THE BIG BUCKS**: Because Pelham isn't big enough or old enough to have developed the kind name recognition oil, say Scarsdale or Larchmont, prices here tend to be 15 to 20 percent lower.

Most houses and townhouses

are filled with the spaciousness of a large villa, roughly \$100,000 a year for a spacious house.

**TAXES**: "Our taxes are in line with Bronx Valley," says a local agent. Translation: roughly \$100 a year for a spacious house. Good public schools, an easy commute to work, plus lots of

### THE LISTING

**Four-Bedroom English cottage** that's small enough—1,600 square feet—to be conveniently described by agents as an "English cottage."

Built in 1916 by American Soldiers, with resulting deep windowsills and central All-Insurance master pool in the high teens in 1986, could have sold in the high teens in 1988, now reduced to a higher teens in Pelham and eager to get \$190,000. Walk to everything. Animal house. \$17,000. Steven Ron De Santis Preller, Pelham (212) 662-1000.

**LITTLE HOUSE IN THE DARK**: "Don't get fooled into the notion of the comfortable suburb," says a resident. "Pelham is a suburb, that's why we moved here. It's very nice."

recently went for specimen to a young doctor and family. And a one-square-block Victorian on a large lot surrounded by other large Victorians is under contract for \$350,000. Deep discounts may be available for the odd fire escape, since few consumers are looking for a hardyman's bungalow.

**THE BIG BUCKS**: This big porch house is dead. The big price base is dead. Long live the big porch plateau!

**WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?** Pelham probably profits most on its education and racial diversity relative to other suburbs. Still, a few white homeowners can be seen. Pelham Heights is where liberal, former Marxist, and well-known journalists prefer to settle. Pelham Island tends to be more conservative and more well-mannered. Finally there's Pelville, home to those who care if bird the other two neighborhoods.

**REPORT CARD**: Eighty-five percent of the graduates of Pelham public schools go on to college. The dip is to part the entry toward the most gifted rather than junior's rank is one senior people and up in Pelham.

"Our taxes are in line with Bronx Valley," says a local agent. Translation: roughly \$100 a year for a spacious house. Good public schools, an easy commute to work,

## EVERYTHING BASIC EVOLVES





INTRODUCING LEVI'S



LOOSE FITTING JEANS





A LOOSE INTERPRETATION

OF THE ORIGINAL





## Introducing the Khaki Collection

DIRECT DESCENDENTS of the thousands of timepieces Hamilton made for the U.S. Armed Forces during World War II, the Khaki Collection re-creates a tailored era—an era when appearance was essential, but endurance and performance were everything.

Rugged and good-looking. Exactly right for the way you live right now.



**Hamilton**  
1892-1992 U.S.A.  
A Division of W.R.G.

Macy's • BULLOCKS

© 1992 Hamilton Watch

## AMERICAN SCENE: DAVID FRANCE

### Was It Good for You, Too?

ACCORDING TO RESEARCH obtained from the Kinsey Institute, 8% percent of women's sexual fantasies involve multiple participants. So the imaginings of Madonna can't be faulted as tastelessly crowded aberrations. And unlike most wayward daydreams, which end by their very nature to be underscores, hers will ultimately involve millions of participants, some of whom will even enjoy higher standards of living thanks to their involvement in her soon-to-be-unlocked sex media orgy.

In other words, there will be a trannie down.

One unlikely beneficiary of Madonna's fantasy He is Bill Cooke, a Miami photographer who stalked the star for days after reading a newspaper group memo suggesting she was there to act out her sex fantasies for a sex-position book project. Cooke started by pulling menstrual files in Miami—South Beach there he became the fashion-shoot capital of America—to see if Madonna and crew had gotten outdoor permits. Zip. So he took a chance and focused his search on Key Biscayne and Coconut Grove, upland and very private stretches of waterfront to the south. On Tuesday, February 10, he and his pigment-smeared colleagues drove small circles around those bays, "without any cameras or anything—nobody was telling us anything." He finally hoisted out an indifference and turned his Bezel toward Key Biscayne, where he planned to read a book on the beach.

While passing through Coconut Grove, he spied a hand-lettered sign hung over the edge of Miami Avenue announcing carnie, with an arrow pointing to a clutch of

people "Obnoxious New Yorkers," Cooke recalls. "They all wore black." He also saw a stand of lights and reflectors inside the gate of an imposing Hollywood limestone-and-stucco mansion. On the lawn, Cooke spotted a nearly naked woman as he parked to get a better look. She was wearing black opera gloves and tall black stockings and bobbed and teased out white-blond hair. The only other adornment was a thong bikini bottom outlined with a fluffy white bunny tail. Makeup formed a campfire over her skin, masking it plastic, Barbie-like.

Cooke poked a three-hundred-millimeter lens through the compound's hedges and squinted off-angle shots, only half of them out of focus, grabbing the first tangible proof that Madonna was indeed working on an adult picture book, recording her sexual fancies for eternity. A carpenter working on a house nearby also saw Madonna gawking; he pulled out the camera he happened to have with him and sold shot that ran in *Star* and *Playboy*. Before long, other bootleg pictures appeared. London's *Star* tabloid ran photos of Madonna on a beach wearing only a wig and facing the camera, squatting over the loins of a semi-naked Naomi Campbell, who was dressed in pants and nail polish, and of Madonna in a fancy Victorian chair, her black robe open, while a nearly naked man—up-resembling Daddy Kaine—was standing behind her cupping her breasts, and a completely naked Naomi Campbell stuck her head in Madonna's lap. "Thank God those shots didn't show up right away," says Cooke. "Or I wouldn't have gotten any play at all for me." As it turned out, his



How Vanilla Ice, Steve Ross, and some guy named Angel ended up in Madonna's sex fantasies

portraits were published around the world, and his first came to "well into the late 50s," he reports.

Part of Cooper's big payday came from Ian Calder, *National Geographic's* editor in chief, who ran several photos, but with the word crossed obscuring the nacy bits. "We have

money too and

"It's sexy  
and explicit,"  
says a Warner  
executive,  
"but without  
any animals  
or children."

"My feeling is that Madon-  
na, whether she  
wants to or not,  
appears in every  
publicity. You  
don't need a  
Hollywood lego to  
know that. If it's

about sex, it would be something else. I'm  
not sure if she's been in a shower since  
Times Square or a bar in Sutton Place that  
would deserve a similar amount of attention."

Another beneficiary of Madonna's presence in Atlanta was Jason Gray, the president of Backstage Department stores who owned the mansion where photographer Giedde landed out. "I love no cameras," says Gray. "We have no comment on any of this." A few months after the photo shoot, Madonna bought the house for a rumored six million, twice that much when Gray paid it off.

And that after dropping about \$400,000 on lodging in town. "She was here February 14, same on Valentine's Day and stayed for six days," says Norma Baynes, the reservations manager at Sherry's May Alexander Hotel. "She had color sessions with her like Big Daddy Kane. And Isabella Rossellini, the cause of a private jet, I think. And Madonna, she now has an ex-parte guru." Deppas says Madonna booked the largest rooms in the hotel (the other members of her party filled the remaining seventeen rooms on the seventh floor, which was sealed off from the rest of the hotel without notice).

The itinerary included Campbell and Timm Von Fuerstenberg, model and designer (of *Playboy* magazine) and designer David "Vander" (he came by to pick her up a couple times), says Deppas. "He didn't have much coherence." The head count of Madonna and pillow talk eventually grew to include porn star Joey Stefano, leather-clad club jockey Chi Club supremo Julie Tolman,

as Madonna dons her Jean Catulle and Luis Cunha, and a guy named Angel. But no body seemed to talk much about a Calla to Campbell, Bowditch, and he fled to produce any response. The Daddy Kaine's switch probably yielded mostly a dozen calls for the types who didn't return ours.

Still, all reportedly did fan stuff. During the Miami photo session, Madonna doodled Macmillan's face and painted solid before he who managed to break some contact capsules, no doubt, to keep his boomer up. Madonna, Von Fuerstenberg, and Campbell all posed standing stiff in suspense in a yard, an Apollinaire garden of heaven, ready. The pictures taken in the less-wholesome environs of Miami Beach have a different feel than the Miami Beach—sort of Mapplethorpe down Under. They show Madonna at feverishly licking boats in clubs around the Fort Lauderdale or about a dozen located right in downtown Fort Lauderdale speakeasy. Photos were also staged in a high school gymnasium, photographed from a balcony above. Madonna—dressed as a schoolgirl—sat on a floor under a basketball net by two boys. A scene of pictures was produced in the Casino Theater at Times Square in all male backstage gear. Madonna rented the entire space as well as the loyalty of the guys in it. "It's all about maintaining saying we wouldn't talk," says the manager, "everybody who was a witness in the shooting, whenever he was home at the time."

Super Model the Condé Nast photo photographer is the star of Madonna's modern day media. Bookshelves for collectors run on the volume. "The book's look is being dictated by plus one graphic designer Pa-Ris Roman, like of *Interview* fame of Margaret Beazley, who admits, "I signed something, so I can't talk to you." Margaret Hunt, exec of the company's leading modeling agency, over saw the pairing of the star a body length in (her voice sputtered). Gianni di Fazio, who ruled the hot world in the 1970s, took charge of Madonna's maniacal (read: transvestite) apparel. All was scrutinized under the eye of photography stylist Paul Corcoran who says, "I would be speaking out of school if I did anything about it." Valerie Gauthier, costume director at *SNL* who was present during the Miami shoot, says, "Sharon wants the look to really be hot and really sexy. He likes the New York look better, because of due—they're really dark and druggy." Corcoran, who calls the products of both houses "rare, not precious," disagrees. "I wouldn't say so

gives which he prefers. I don't think there's much on either category."

Macmillan, working on the project is Warner Books publisher Norma Neuman. It is Madonna herself writing, and she's also made the principal subject on the preface. On selling you, it's the book of the year—the cashew in the sense of a publisher who's ordered a huge first printing, numerous copies. "It's affordable, that's part of the point. Just under \$100 dollars. It is four-color, it will have many interesting pieces to it—it's not a normal book. Like there will be various gatefolds on the pages. Different kinds of stock paper. It's a piece of art, in fact. And it will have a CD angle to it." Neuman won't say what she paid for the book portion of the now famous \$1 million record store book contract that Steve Jobs' *Time Warner* division, personally negotiated. "I can't even tell you the savings of the project," Neuman says. "I want you to be personally satisfied."

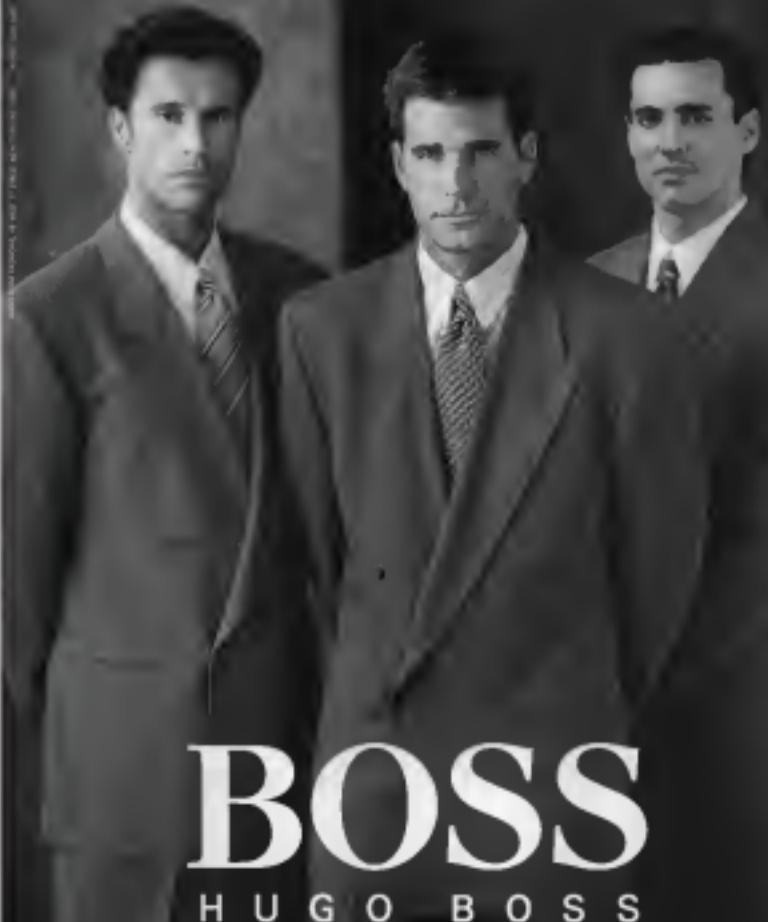
At May's American Bookseller Association convention in Anaheim, California, where authors muffed that the book for potentially rated G would be released with a chain and lock around it to discourage borrowing, Warner Books president Lenny Kindlmann would say only this: "It's sexy and explicit, but without any explicit child abuse, or discussion of the cross."

That we should, sans the word of Jeff Bogart, exec producer for merchandising at Wal-Martbooks. "We're very sensitive to the nature of the material on, I think, in *Warner*," says the bookseller-chain executive. "And I think that they and we will take it into account when we're presenting. We'll try to make sure our customers are as informed as they can be when they make the buying decision about having these books alongside the book in the store. Nobody will be allowed to do that; there will be no open copies, no display copies. *Warner* is making sure of that. So really, you won't know what you're getting till you get it home."

Madonna, of course, is the primary beneficiary of her finicky life, but start looking out on the project. Once however, she confided in a French magazine, "My sexual image is becoming very there in front of me. I'm going to probably divorce. I'm a crazy nymphomaniac, that I have an unstable spouse, when the truth is, I'm married a book."

And here's the book:

David Foster is the author of *Big at Times Square*, and the Death Wish Murder published by Warner Books.



# BOSS

HUGO BOSS

*The Subaru SVX*

A sports car  
for both sides of  
your brain.  
  
The half that's  
seventeen,  
and the half  
that's retired and  
living in Miami.



HERE YOU ARE, both of you, con- sidering a Subaru SVX. The younger, more adven- turous you is taken aback by the Italian styling. And the SVX engine! A 6-cylinder, 230- horsepower monster capable of blasting from 0 to 60 in just over 7 seconds. The wilder you also goes on about the absurd top speed of 140 miles an hour and the fact the special window design allows you to drive in a rainstorm with the windows down without getting drenched. The windows down in a rainstorm without get- ting drenched, the crazy you shout again.

And right then and there the conservative you, the joyless voice of reason, gets ready to reprimand such reckless thoughts, but then you pause and think—Hey, this is a practical car. It's a Subaru, and that means reliable, dependable transportation. Furthermore, the SVX has room for four beefy adults, and it comes with sensible All-Wheel Drive traction, 4-channel anti-lock brakes, a driver's-side air bag and a fully-independent suspension. Now both of you are seeing *Everything is beautiful*. Until you're driving home. What to listen to on the optional 6-speaker CD player? Big band or heavy metal?



*Subaru. What to drive.*

©1993, Subaru of America, Inc.

“C'est une légende,  
le symbole de la  
mode française,  
l'homme de la modernité  
avec la vision du futur,

# pierre cardin

un créateur sans  
frontière, dynamique.”

Pierre Cardin.

The mystique of France.

The energy of America.





Charlie Sampson,  
a World Champion bull  
rider, has seen the underside  
of a few 1,300-pound bulls. Bulls  
have punctured his lungs, broken  
his sternum, his ribs, his ankle, his  
wrist, his fingers, his legs (four times),  
and shattered every bone in his face.  
Charlie says he always dreamed of  
being a cowboy. He's wearing a  
T-shirt with a genuine  
cowboy strip. It costs  
about \$50.

**TIMEX**

Please return me your catalog.

## LETTER FROM TOKYO: WALTER SHAPIRO

### Why the Kawai Dog Gets to Pee First

BY THE END OF my first month in Japan, I had learned to anticipate the question. It would be asked with studied casualness at the end of a long, boozy evening with a Western journalist, after I would be swilling by the doorway, putting on my shoes, bemoaning about whether a late-night cab would deign to stop for a guy, [foreigner], when I would hear my lion marmalade behind my left ear, "Now you're not planning to write anything about Japan, are you?"

No matter how offhandedly the question was phrased, the words were as direct a challenge as a Civil War picket shouting at an indignant form in the Shoshone-dash style: "Who goes there? Friend or foe?" The question represented a final effort to size me up—with I really what I seemed, a middle-aged journalist peering around the fingers of Japanese popular culture while on a five-month fellowship? Or was I something more insidious, another aggressively overbearing American who would presume to opine about the true nature of modern Japan without learning the language, without enduring mind-numbing briefings at the foreign ministry, without serving the arduous apprenticeship so qualify as an Old Japan Hand?

Hey, guys, relax. We're dealing with Mr. Lethal Jack here—no made dafice, no ponderous Zen recitations from Shapiro-san. Western journalists in Japan—especially those like me who are there for a limited stay—usually go one of two routes: Policy Wonk (politics and trade) or Aesthete (the tea ceremony, extravaganzas displays of introspection, and the temples of Kyoto). Normally, I would have gravitated toward the door marked *Wonk*. I could see myself sipping Ross Perot-like

right into MITI, boldly brushing past a dozen horrified secretaries, and passing it directly to the ministry's head honcho, "How come you folks are trying to suck it to us?" But before I left for Tokyo, a number of American expats warned me off. The danger was not that I would offend with my blunt questions, but rather that I would be "handled" to death by glib, English-speaking Japanese who specialize in soaking un-ready Americans.

For as I was to discover, talk to Japanese officials about the big issues is as riveting as ninth-grade civics class without the i-pads. Take my one interview with a high-profile Japanese politician—former prime minister Yasukazu Nakasone. About all I remember from the forty-five-minute audience is the long walk across Nakasone's dark, heavily draped office, a maze of hotel-lobby formality, covered with antiseptics, the tastelessness of the green tea, and the speakiness of the whole ritual. I talked too much, perhaps out of nervousness, at I sat uncomfortably on the edge of my chair, staring at Nakasone's repulsive face, his bespectacled nose, and (poul brother!) his Hermeto. I will spare you Nakasone's comments, which I am saving for the "Great Men Who Have Bared Me" section of my memoirs. But afterward, the skilled diplomatic interpreter politely suggested that in Japan I should not try to fill every silence with words (Oh, goodie); next time Nakasone and I could just stare at each other for forty-five minutes, trying to hear the sound of one hand clapping.

I proved equally resistant to the blandishments of Japanese high culture. I discovered the fabled tea ceremony proceeds at the pace of Freudian analysis, and as



Finding  
the shallow,  
maudlin soul  
of Japan in  
the jingles  
of its admen

For being originally created by being born—well, just say that my fixtures have never run to Hilda the Whap Lady. Sure, I, too, could慷慨 into another brochure push out the inevitable going of Kyoto. But Kyoto is not modern Japan; it's a theme park. Is in a place where the true religion is shopping, overusing our Buddhist temples at its masking as a Japanese journalist in America, shopping New York for the spiritual phenomena of Colonial Williamsburg.

But how could I as an outsider derive beneath the surface of that peculiar non-political everyday Japan? My offbeat notion was that if I were Japanese, with a very limited group of the glib (not enough to tell a New York editor, "This station goes phat"), but not enough to allow one "Hey, asshole, the South Beams are on the way to Rockefeller Center"), I would last but fail to understand the diversity of America by hanging out with the marketing wizards and advertising agencies on Madison Avenue. Fact is, we are what we buy—and who knows the better than the people about it selling us what we don't need?

Applying that same principle to Japan I arranged to park my Passatoucoup in the Gayside district offices of the Denso Institute for Planets Studies, the research arm of the advertising agency that dominates this small island nation. In Michael Crichton's terms, we're eating belly of the beast, the media manipulating Americans along center of Japan Inc. But no big ponza. Denso's vice president? When I was looking for him, he was a student, not Japanese mass culture—the hollowed slogan, the TV ads, the popular fads, the already dead, the once-lively Tokyo night, the baseball games, and the same anchors—all that media glow and mental dross that define a people at the upper

## We're talking belly of the beast, the media- manipulating, American- handling center of Japan Inc.

It's amazingly less obvious than they did be eat the "bubble" economy deflated. When Woody Allen checked the pants and allowed himself to be used in a Japanese ad campaign in '91, it was no coincidence that year Seiko slogan Look for Yourself with New Perspectives. The success of the bubble economy leaned on rock in the optic Seiko mirror. I Wish What I Want. The visual image that went with that campaign was a photograph of two young teenagers their lips inches apart, just a heartbeat away from a kiss. Even the choice for girl would in the ad wear nothing other than a pair-of-year-old-Bar-Mitzvah-like turtleneck, but cultural synthesis of the current prima minister, Ryutaro Hashimoto, who last year shocked Japan by posing usually nude for a coffee-table book of Santa Fe photographs and then parlayed her fame that January into a starring role in a trendy drama (nobody called talk about positive feminist role models) Tokyo Disney Girl.

Start was fitting that my quest to understand the Japan of the ages began here in Seiko. Not in the micro themselves for made from the sun are round opening with the erratic staff greeting the first wave of our visitors with floral bows, a Japanese deportment more a mimic to an upscale American connoisseur except that the powers are a little bigger and the men a lot smaller. Rather what I found fascinating—about a Kurochiku shirt for the Japanese psyche—was the Seiko slogan. Roughly translated from Japanese, it asks, What is lacking? The answer: first from well-paid foreign celebrities (Shelley MacLean's much, "Your road is lacking," and To Me, "Please a lacking"), and then from the ordinary folksies in the state of Japanese life, who are really self-sacrificing and proletarian. But it is the question itself that interests that speaks to the central dilemma of Japanese life. For anyone Japanese who visualizes the privation of the ages and the economic and cultural prosperity of the ages and adds atop the material optimism and the international prestige of today's Japan is almost beyond human logic. It took America forty years to go from the darkest days of the Depression to the comfortable affluence of The Brady Bunch. Japan has made an even greater leap in the process

than most the power baby boomers reached puberty. And yet, for all the outward showing of middle-class wealth, there is more that growing emphasis something is indeed lacking.

I had a tentative theory about that gap and void, namely, that there are no outlets for idealism in Japanese life. Politics is a rugged game; religion is mostly empty ritual and a salariedman's career consists of placid movement across a vast, open room from a back-row desk as a trustee to—if he's really lucky—a private office or success chief. But I was also curious about what meaning below and all! found in this odd yet effective ad campaign. Seiko Admire, the source for golf-speaking president of Seiko Design and Boxes, graciously read to disconcert the reporter: "People in Japan are over satisfied, quite filled up with material goods these days," he said. "But they find something lacking in their lives. The question is, What is missing? What is good?" All fine words, all reason to be hopeful, but somehow something was lacking.

Unlike in America, where the urge to depict for a forthcoming depression were like Seiko might be suburban working mothers in their midtwenties, the bourgeoisie shack traps of Tokyo are much younger and self-indulgently single. These Offer ladies mostly live at home now free with their parents so that their infant fathers more than the yrs equivalent of (no no it's yrs) can go for clothes and foreign vacation. Their babies in blouses a four-year old magazine that usually has a big with a cover story entitled "How to Shop Chanel Overalls." Banana Shirts, the sounding idea of *Mashita* explained through an interpreter. "These girls, around twenty seven years old, are learning what their fathers did when they were growing up. Back then Japanese men would never go home straight from work. They'd be in Garnet bars and around mohawks, so the mothers had to be the center of the family. Because the position of women in Japanese companies is still not high, these girls want to enjoy themselves. They want to do all the things their fathers did—play golf, take overseas trips, smoke cigarettes and drink in Glass bars. But the difference is that they are spending their own money—out the company."

One more theory of what is lacking, and I'll quit with the talking heads. Marko Pajic wrote, who runs the Hishikubo Institute of Life & Living, is my favorite for the unmost and most plausible trend analysis in



Japan. In her early forties, Fujimoto embodies a baby boomer's scorn for and a feminist's disdain over the superficiality of these Japanese women. "Today's young women feel like they have everything, but a certain substance is lacking. Their expressions are very shallow." Her distinction: how the twenty-five-year-olds in her office methodically plan their trips to Europe by thoughtfully researching the right shape, restaurant and scenic attractions.

"There is a gap between doing every thing you think you should have done and actually feeling and experiencing something it all comes down to attitude. Let's not addressesthat superficiality. And if you really love beautiful expensive things, then the zero that's inside you, you will end up with nothing."

**M**Y AFFILIATION with Doron's grant helped me to witness Japanese society from a private office overlooking the Giza, far greater than my small corner office quarters at Time magazine back in New York. The mostabolic raw resource was education, and I began studying the cultural symbolism embedded in Japanese advertising with such intensity that at odd moments I actually heard my self hearing the jingle for the coast-to-coast Japanese mustard I fell in love with yesterday Japanese producer. My favorite was a Sunday special beauty case, only twice called *Bitter Nessness*. The of for it was classically simple, a typical harvest scene with peeling, attractive, almost masochistic Japanese farmers proudly carrying barrels bursting with the product. The voice-over was equally clear: "This was made using wheat harvested this year. *Bitter Nessness*." For cultural reasons—which I am told are enshrined by the five national TV networks—Japanese ads can never imply that their product is superior to the competition. But *Bitter Nessness* commercials do seem to suggest that you can get it in Japan, as it carries the additional message that a crop here the *Soppo* is made with salt wheat that somehow was left over from the 19th century.

The owner of this *Soppo* ad, Yutaro Shimojo, a top Doron commercial director, was eager to explain the differences between Japanese and American advertising. "In Japan the consumer idea is to make the company. But in the U.S., the consumer's tendency is to devalue the status of the company." Even though Japanese society is or-

perceived to be like China in the sense there is a distance among corrupt politicians, big business and gangsters—the almost complete absence of cynicism on the culture is astounding. That credibility extends toward all forms of media, says TV ads. As Hisayuki put it, "The social status of the commercial itself in Japan is far higher than in the U.S., ratings even higher than the program itself."

### The social status of the TV commercial itself in Japan is far higher than in the U.S., even higher than the program."

A prime example was the singing commercial that Doron developed for Suntory Liqueur (a coffee liqueur). After a long night before negotiations sold only 1000000 for up to you about us to get what took Japan by storm. The Reggae jingle was caused me a record that soared to number one on the pop charts! The visual image is the original logo of were a sense of quick-cut, fast-paced shots of a prepossessing Japanese bartender in an airplane flying to America—opening up his briefcase which is, of course, packed with bottles of Reggae and then he comes so enraged that he boozes down the road song when he lands. The jingle is self-consciously coded the unimpressive Japanese economic nationalists.

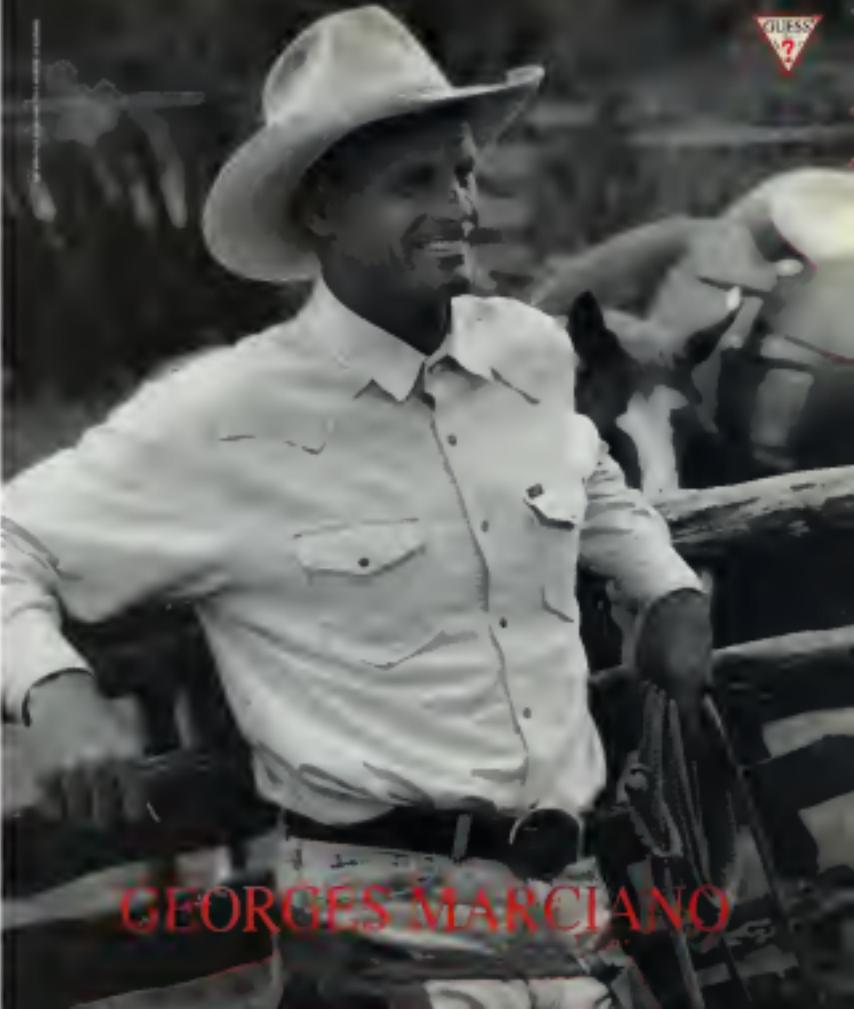
Tell me black is the sign of orange  
Can you fight for money your heart?  
Reggae, Reggae  
Put on Reggae on the beach  
Why not the sun of orange not  
ourselves?  
Can you fight out in the world?  
Bittersweet, Bittersweet Japanese  
Bittersweet.

Okay maybe the lyrics lose a little something in translation, but you get the idea. In the latest version, which Hisayuki selected the Japanese subsection is crooning the world floating toward a small Pacific and a dragon come and snatching across the famous Asian waters, while the voice-over repeats the slogan, Reggae For You Work for Twenty Four Hours. The spot ends with him pronouncing next words for cameras levitating past the face of the lounge's soft, wavy-haired woman sitting at home, a sensible Japanese housewife. "No matter how much overseas we return from Western eyes man," Hisayuki said, "we are sympathetic to those who work hard."

The same theme of formation of hard work can be found in a recent Doron's cast reward for the high-speed Shinkansen [what Americans call the bullet train]. In this gauzy nostalgic spot, a businessman is sitting on the train, recalling his first visit to Tokyo at a young man aboard the Shinkansen. In his mind, he can hear his father's very Japanese father's voice. "You have decided to lead your life in a new town. Thank for the things and the people you are leaving behind you have to achieve something that you can be proud of. Your roots you are not allowed to leave home. You should not be back until you have confidence in yourself." Then the man's voice breaks in to drive the poem home: "Thank you the Shinkansen, which runs with people of courage on board Flight Express."

This Pabst Blue Ribbon America has learned to do better can create an instant a pageantry. In the hands of Japanese officials, it can also create a terrifying but mysterious rigidity, as I discovered to my personal distress when it came time to renew my once-a-day visa. Waiting on the hard shoulders of the Japanese Immigration Department were the marshaled out of the wreathed of the earth successive-looking but more terrified Indian Gandhi, Black Christian leaders, and my own subgroup: the cool and/or tragic, middle-aged men who somehow believe that vigilante violence is best against being deported. All was going fine and the immigration clerk asked me whom I was interviewing during my past several months in Japan. Never one to make name-dropping, I modestly replied, "Well, just the other week, I had a nice talk with former prime minister Nakasone."

Maybe I laid it on a little too thick, all last implying that Nakasone and I was about to meet in California golf resorts together. Suddenly my bluff was called. By God, this hypercompetent Japanese clerk was demanding to see Nakasone's notes, those condescending business cards that manage a Japan immediately exchange on first introduction to establish social former class. As I explained to the good aquarist there was only one problem: "People like



GEORGES MARCIANO

# PARLIAMENT

## Lights

THE PERFECT RECESS



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health

### LETTER FROM TOKIO WALTER SHAPIRO

Malacca! don't give me that weary *yo-matsu*." Disengaged, the clerk recited in a drowsy falsetto plan. He demanded that I go through my rods leads (the photos and folder where one methodically saves all those useless pieces of cardstock). The most bizarre interpretation was that there was a hoarse man-fication of the Japanese obsession with status—I had to be interviewing VPs to nominate a vice chairman. The other possibility was chilling. The lead Thought Panel was making sure that I was not telling in lesson lectures who might give the wrong impression of Japanese commerce.

In a panic, I flung on the sweater over my t-shirt and grabbed from my pockets advertising consultants, interpreters, sales delivery men, and—the piles of documents—a packhorse parker usually cast here the clerk headed to his chamber with his superiors and inspect my travel file. As I stood, I rose and stepped being excused to Naha Airport to log hours and long-slepted onto the next JAL flight to the States where they would make out we—survived by squatting in bars and squabbling Japanese honeymooners etc—in coach. The only fellow American, more elderly Morrison missionary couple, would be making each other: "What did that awful-looking man do to deserve that?" Before I sat slumped down by my pouch, I would have more time to reply. Then get to see Nakatsuji I want card."

By the way was assured, even though I suspect that the immigration clerk would wait for the fax that would prove that I was a fugitive PCCI functionary.

**S**INCE I AM a happily married man, my journeys into the sex lives of the Japanese are bizarre but completely resonant Japan is, in a word, the ultimate love confederacy with sexual ploydage as Freudian gaff, no fear of AIDS, and every sycophant can credibly resort to that all-purpose excuse "Honey, I was working last at the office."

Even though no Japanese goliath will enforce this story, I am here of a torrid out-week love affair with a tawdry TV drama

called Head Women (the opening title always appeared in English with Japanese subtitles) in the first episode on the Fuji TV network, our beautiful doe-eyed hench, Shoko, a graduate student at Columbia University (curiously consistent with a married Japanese hotel manager who is temporarily in New York to purchase a local literary birthday for his first. In reply response, Shoko becomes pregnant; her lover commits suicide (not with Shoko, of course), has gone to the simple shareware that he was the only Japanese businessman in town who failed to make an American acquisition), and our heroine with fighting spirit returns to Japan with her newborn son and the resolve to keep the flame of her afterburn burning by becoming a head women herself.

Now shall I leave Head Women? Let me count the ways: 1) Shoko always looks so vulnerable, yet sexy in the bright solid colored blouses that are her trademark; if her sex life is like Fairy Hill meets Leon's Holiday (if she is I believe, the first spewed another on Japanese news television) of the continuity that Shoko brings to her hotel career is incomprehensible by Japanese. 2) her nose—she the social which-of-the-other-president of the real Quartz hotel chain—just happens, by chance, to be the widow of Shoko's New York lover; and 3) the wronged women from Quartz hotel over gas center stage with an avocation (I kept looking for the tropic) prime time matronization come.

A man in the thralls of passion resents an disparate matrons. Each week it would continue to invite another Japanese-speaking friend over to teach Head Women with me and another. In this episode, Shoko's son, Hajime, was in the hospital (overdue because of maternal neglect), but Head Woman rebuilt the adventure of a very sick—and ugly—doctor who wants to take care of both her and her child. No way! Dr. Shoko Shoko's style is to go after her current boss with such ferocity (which I was convinced like). "I hope we go home to an empty apartment in the dark. I have no place else." Then there was the weird You Shoko put for sport, has a brief fling (hang on, she gets complicated and basically Freudian) with her son Hajime's half-

brother—that is, the strange son of Mr. Can I Buy a New York Island and the which from Chinese boards. But when does horizons bid themselves outside (like father like son) Shoko is far too busy trying to turn a con woman to her hotel to ever notice. That's what's so enduring about Shoko. Can't always comes first. How beautiful she is when she goes mad and screams in her box. "Maybe you've given up the dream of overtaking Queens. But I haven't." No one on TV has combined sex and substance like this since the breakup of Dallas. But the love tags went doing it for family, for greed, for flowing. Old Shoko is past a racy young five-year-old sycophants with no rules or her company save bland, platonism, Japanese-style beauty.

I don't feel peak over Head Women. I even imagined an interview with Takeshi Nishio, his the accommodator for the show, who is never missing a really snazzy and the most national symbols of his trade—a candlestick holder and feet up. High top box (boxed) roundabout I was Nishio's grudging master—and learned a morally more purpose-by asking about the matronization some. "That was quite unusual for Japanese television," Nishio and promptly. Then I immediately squandered this little talk-life-dramatic by requiring why Shoko al ways chose the wrong man. Nishio raised on me as I'd done Dan Quayle visiting the set of Murphy Brown. "Shoko is more intuitive than the average woman today who wants a man with what they call the three highs—high income, high status, and high education. Everyone knows that an married doctor is good and a married man is wrong, but I wanted to challenge the viewers. Why can't you have a married man? For that reason, it could be completely fine that she keeps making what you call the writing disease." After short tongue-lashing, I felt like the ultimate sponge, greedy everywhere. Western matrons who ought to be one dancing naked sashay rather than trying to match the worldly sophistication of the writer for liberal women.

In truth, adultery in Japan is not only quietly accepted but rather condoned. A few years ago, extramarital affairs were all the rage in TV love stories (like now vagas is courting and marriage—presumably part of a propaganda offensive to soft the per capita decline in the Japanese birthrate). An attractive Japanese single friend, who has been involved with her share of married men—complained that infidelity always

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get it wrong when it depicts certain offices as sexually purifying over one another's affairs. The cardinal rule of adultery she explained, is that you always hide the evidence from your work group. "The most intriguing theory I heard on the subject came from Keiji Shirasawa [a Dennis leviot who created a widely acclaimed series of sexual ads for Jell-O Jellojelly], who argued that the sharp rise in the number of men and women playing around was triggered by sexual boredom and frustration." Adults began to have affairs," he said through an interpreter, "because having affairs makes your heart beat. In the past, you devoted your energy to working your way up in the company, but that changed with the bubble economy, when no matter how hard you worked, it became nearly impossible to afford a house. So affairs became a way of looking for some fun. Love often seemed to be good."

In quest of a more objective perspective on Japanese women, I visited (an almost-existent television, with an interpreter) a Dennis leviot group conducted for Christian Dior. Most of the participants were married women in their thirties from Tokyo suburbs who worked part-time yet managed to spend as much as a million yen (about \$100,000) a year on clothes. As they chattered on, their women gave me a disconcerting glimpse into modern Japanese marriage—a standard basis of the issue: what the men may have the big play, but the women control the household bank accounts. Most Japanese marry late on a tight dime; those from their sixties say money goes a week (about \$100) for room hire, groceries, and laundry needs—which explains why you can get a great Japanese temporary laundromat in the Gion for one yen, but prices in the same restaurant might run tenfold for business on increasing at dinner, when the company peddles up the checks.

During the focus group, Miyoko from Yokohama confided to the moderator, "I go shopping for clothes weekly. If I bought a blouse yesterday and my husband notices it, I will know that I had it for years. I try to fool my husband—what does he know? When I get the bill for the blouse, I hide it." Then there was Miyoko from Kanagawa, whose main life seems to revolve around passing on Christian Day sponsorships for her daily pilgrimage to the local drug store. She was presumably compensating for her husband, which may be revenge for having to share his household in typical

Japanese fashion, with his parents. "They all my husband's clothes," she declared before giggling. "I dress him up as if I were dressing up a doll."

**L**EAVE TO THEIR OWN devices, many Japanese stayceners after a night's sleep of drinking doze themselves from visiting madams, telling whose shirts and dress are derivative. Believe me, I know, after spending a Thursday night on a lower back (number 54) at Capsule Hotel in Nagoya.

I arrived during the midnight rush hour at Capsule—when the fire alarm had just stopped ringing, and Dennis of my fellow Capsule leviot visitors had proudly declared that it was better to spend the night in the city than to spring for a taxi.

As per my rule in the distant suburbs only to find that wives (16 popular Panasonic cameras show a tiny hotel signifying home at midnight work a silly grin on his face to be greeted by his angry wife and small daughter, neck bulging. Panasonic cameras in record for property every division grows.)

As portrayed in America, capsule hotels are supposed to illustrate how desperately cramped life is in Japan, where noisy roommates even sleep in a half-bottle room in themselves. In truth, capsule hotels are not unique in a hyper-American institution—the overnight sleeper compartments on a train.

Since they are competing with cars, capsule hotels can charge a top rate of only about \$100 per night (about \$20), which is why accommodation tends toward the minimalist. In the U.S. or Europe, all that costs this cheap would become major fees for drugs and household participation. Only in a country so homogeneous (please, the word is unaffordable) as Japan could a capsule hotel work the way it is supposed to—as a halfway house for hangovers.

After a first time resident of Alessandro prou, I carefully aped the rituals of my fellow leviots, shedding my shoes and clothes at locks and then donning the all-purpose hotel uniform, like green pajama tops and matching shorts. Scoring dozens of men wandering around in the same really gross outfit—playing electronic math pogo, smoking cigarettes, sipping beer clusters

from vending machine-only bars—and the impression that Japan is now a dormitory dormitory. After brushing my teeth with a complimentary Capri-Sun mouthwash (Hotel Regis transcends international boundaries). I moved to my two-foot-high white foldable bed chamber and pulled down the shade, which latches at the bottom. Home at last. In about four seconds I unzipped the entire container of my capsule: a TV (equipped in the ceiling), a radio, an earphone, a digital alarm clock, a light with a dimmer switch, a handle to regulate airflow, two memory body sleep sheets, a枕枕枕, and a hanger Japanese pillow.

As I lay on my pillow, finding surprisingly free of claustrophobia, I kept flicking the TV dial between a rugby test match (Brazil versus New Zealand) and Japanese porn. Needless to say, rugby lost—even though it's a weird combination of Japanese profligacy, of pubic hair in porn flicks must be covered by a flowing electronic armband. The very last round to involve a fully clothed twenty-five-year-old man caressing a younger found in the encounters of sex acts of an X-rated version of an old video film. The Black, and How to Get It. The featured performance, of course, was an attractive and really robust Japanese woman, who was constantly aroused but did not seem to mind a lot when her partner would stop abruptly in midstroke for further instruction. Oddly enough, and interesting (Lasse Hallé) was shown unzipped since there was no male public has. Unless there are lots of older rugby fans in Nagoya, I assume most of the fellow drunks staying were watching the same performance. I wondered if some of them were quietly masturbating, behind drawn shades or whether group rooms ruled not this form of solitary last-night entertainment. Judging from the rate of silence about the whole hotel, save for the occasional snore, I concluded that most of my compatriots were too tired to get it up.

**N**OW THAT I'M BACK in New York, I am still wrestling with my complex and confused feelings about Japan. I will readily admit that there is still so much I don't understand, that I will never be out of

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LETTER FROM TOKYO

those Japan experts swelling elsewhere  
issues like *Pedestrian the Bull*. But if there is  
a bottom line (other than a terminologically dubious  
one) it is to be found in a truly stunning re-  
view by Japan TV commercial. So let's close the  
lights and run a final reel.

The camera combination place, a bath-green park on a sunny day. Seven Japanese men—ranging in age from seven to twenty—are standing as if on a roadside. In front of each man is a small outdoor toilet marked with the letters, WC. The door is closed and you can see that it has been taken but very far along. The seven men begin hopping on one foot and then the robot is the central and permanent of a desperate need to piss. Flash to the WC door—most closed. A small very rose dog flower as if Japanese would call it wajiro across the picture. Some part of someone can watch the dog as it simply lies in back paws and whereas wild against a tree. With mangled shrubs, roses Japanese men have had to the WC door that will never open. They are hopping on one foot and then the robot at the present time not. The logo of Fuji TV one of Japan's biggest networks briefly appears on the screen as the ad ends.

What does this all mean? Can you imagine ABC or Fox letting up all their net ads about more dispose to actual? What are the stations at work here? I do assume they add with half a dozen Japanese commercial channels and marketing no parts. As far as I can tell, the cableheads encourage to do advertisement goes something like this: We at Fox-TV know that beneath your uniforms, beneath your Japanese identity, you would really like to break out of the social restraints that rig aside your life. We understand that the best dog wants to sit at the foot and eat at least as dog as the past. We at Fox-TV also know why you can't break away from these shudders. You're Japanese. We, too, are trapped. But it helps in our programming we can reflect this collective longing for libera- tion from social pressure. We at Fox-TV speak to the Japanese You.

To the Seibu Department Store is right, authorizing an exhibit linking the real ones in production to our own in consumption, so easily manipulated by the symbols and synthesized emotions of a mass media culture, the Japanese, as the Pug TV ad suggests, are no match to be patted at leisure. As far as bilingualized Americans, there is a lot to be said for individualism, nonconformity, and New York-style cynicism. ■



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## THE RAW AND THE COOKED: JIM HARRISON Back Home

**D**IRECTLY, I fled north with little more than a frozen wild pig's head in the cooler for nutrition. The distraught part left me, per usual, when I crossed the Mackinac Bridge into the Upper Peninsula, my querencia, as it were, the place where I feel safe and strong, perhaps noble and true, though those values became less important the moment I decided not to run far via present

Lucky the pig's head was accompanied by a small set of jaws, a tongue, and a tail, as I intended to make headcheese from an old family recipe, a dish favored by scholars such as Mark Twain, J. P. Morgan, Ulysses S. Grant, Teddy Roosevelt, and Walt Whitman, though it was spawned by Lascelles Abercrombie, Anthony Bousley, Mattie Bubé, and probably Ghandi (the jury is still out on the last). Culinary purists might question the tail, but that I use all the animal if it can go, and what's more, I still do my own stunts. Strange to say, though, as the head, extra tongue, and jowls begin to posh—not exactly a visual treat—orthodoxy sweeps over me like a heatstroke, and it couldn't drop in the tail, which was articulated like a joke made stuck in the fissure to scare More or the little woman. I'd save the precious tail for a pot of beans and chilies, or perhaps leave it on a remote stamp to puzzle a marten or a coyote.

The cabin hadn't weathered the winter very well. Among things that didn't work were the generator, the well, the pump, the lights, and the toilet. When the pump was fixed, the toilet blew our door off its frozen valve. It has always amazed me that ice could break a pipe. Once in our barn back home I was lucky enough to be there on a cold night—twenty below zero—when it happened. Shrapnel flew as it were, remanding me of Vietnam, where I didn't appear, having been blinded in one eye in my youth. (The story on the blinding changes somewhat whimsically, the most recent being that I fell off a barn roof on an unpruned madras spike. Next week it could be Saigon/Tonkin's spike field.)

Meanwhile back at the cabin, so many things are happening that my head would spin if it wasn't so

spun around the property directed by my Finnish head band, Eddy Hemmanson, who, because of recent cataract surgery and heavy white frost, has required a coffee roaster. This is a simple concoction flavored by millions of Scan dianosian coffee, sugar, a couple of fingers of whiskey. Perhaps because of the early hour, this is not considered drinkable medicine. These are stern folk, and you would be thought a tourist if you stopped the sugar and coffee. Rules are ancient and stringently observed, and one never hears the kind of modest, self-improvement chatter I had overheard a few weeks before in *La Côte Basque*—"I straightened out my agenda, and now I feel good about myself." This *Boeuf à la Cognac* must further train to put me off my feed, and I was barely able to finish my meal last夜 "en croute."

During three days in a dying financial cabin, I remained brown, sound, and serene while in former times I would have reached off the log walls I studied the mors, then the dense,

Further proof that there's just no substitute for homemade headcheese



old world, in French pastries and biscuits with a head of garlic), a delicious sauté, a massive turkey thigh (sautéed vegetables with a head of garlic) and steamed asparagus with a head of garlic. After I finished my work, which includes three hours of walking to the market, I was too tired to bill me. I read James Lee Burke's *Devotion*, a most wonderful detective and James Villas' *Leavenworth French Fry Kitchen* (Bantam), which I also read at a wine-tasting gathering, followed over exploded potato skins, the movement from region to region is much of *peep la good food*. Villas uses the rustic-style of a master, with a depth of knowledge of French food that is unique and so illustrative rather than showy.

It was quite a campaign making headway in a cabin on the blake. Bob Korty is renowned as have said of his campaigning that it was the spending three months going through a cat wash boudoir. My poor slaves weren't quite that Cleopatra, though they enjoyed a enough of pleasure for beyond anything than Cleopatra has experienced in her life, a beauty or in the golf course while trying to diskard God as God is well.

Since the cabin was cold, I loaded the coffee and bread out onto the picnic table where I could stand away from the heat with my water. As I have implied, a poached pig head in the shelf light in a cold, windy day is not exactly a comfort food. At first I tried to dispense myself by pronouncing I was a born-out man, but this act of magnificence was refuted by the fact that while my palms were hot and greasy, the bulk of my hands and the rest of me were going cold. *Claustrophobia* subsided and dashed for cover. A locate margin doesn't normally work under these conditions, and almost never on a poached head. In the interest of speed, my groceries became trash, stripped and thrown to get the poultice moist with a few drops, the oranges surrounding the neck bones. I dismissed the question of whether it was a pig or a hog pig, snatched on a few mouthfuls, and imagined a group of Nebraska farm girls going along with us, some doing cleaning, laundry on the hill of oil, singing "You Can't Be True, Dear," perhaps "A Separate Castle" to the dismal song "Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Listen."

I joined the picked men in the cooler and began to cook down the heady bush redolent of the swamp up north Florida where the creature had lived on feel life competing and racing, making random and inaccurate like a serray before a gobbler them, finding visible roots from ancient knowledge contained in an even, wellington in an old broken wood.

A brain surgeon doesn't normally work under these conditions, and almost never on a poached head.

an effeminate boy on off-broadway stage like the Kansas City Chicks. I began to doubt, peering in the mirror, of the Broadway stars I had begun to devere the year before. I avoid looking my great-great grandfather in my wallet. Included in wallet I keep a group when I crossed the Mississippi. Tragedy before birth right, an inauspicious entry moment, hand over the world together by cheating about it and somehow knowing what I thought was my responsibility, a treasure collection of memento's. The last was the Harbor Dagen's notion of "no continuing history outside the self." This is hardly difficult as reflected by our polished life where the effort has been given up.

The kind of cheating rarely named, my afternoon walks and my longings in a romance, my healthy nature took over. The far more in what dimension did dinner take off? A delicious-looking attractive blonde won by Schlesinger's hornlock and now my big red Toyota Land Cruiser in the distance. Of course it is me I thought about it not in the audience. And I am specially biased - the way's always been done that this no name have shabbily and loosely left life can be only to help what Shabbily and loosely. "It's only in the act of the separation that the heart leaves at home." It was little difficult to travel your business in New York and less

Angels, but that's what has to be done.

Such as at the cabin at dusk I had a slab of my headcheese, made Chinese style marinated to accompany it and a boiled, such as the table with a heavy leaf of Chamberlain's sour rye and a mustard-oyster glass of Valpolicella (I alone myself only eat glasses of wine at dinner, as I think it costs). Like the walk, the breakfast was everything I hoped for without thinking about the expense.

**HOT TIP:** *The Drilling Encyclopedia* by A. Cost Saman (Avalon Mobility Press). Very solid, with a lot of fresh material. **A**

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7. What is your Economic Level of causal poverty (see page 1)	<input type="radio"/> Extreme	<input checked="" type="radio"/> High	
	<input type="radio"/> Very High	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Moderate	
	<input type="radio"/> High	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Low	
	<input type="radio"/> Moderate	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Very Low	
	<input type="radio"/> Low	<input checked="" type="radio"/> None	
	<input type="radio"/> Very Low	<input checked="" type="radio"/> None	
8. How many pairs of causal poems (see page 1) do you own? (check all)	<input type="radio"/> 0-5	<input checked="" type="radio"/> 6-15	
	<input type="radio"/> 16-25	<input checked="" type="radio"/> 26-35 or more	
	<input type="radio"/> 36-50	<input checked="" type="radio"/> None	
9. When I bought my causal poems or spontaneous (see page 1) do you own? (check all that apply)	<input type="radio"/> Alexander Julian	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Cesar Chavez	<input type="radio"/> Ralph Lauren
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	<input type="radio"/> Chaplin, Louise	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Honey-Mental	<input type="radio"/> Van Heusen/T
	<input type="radio"/> Cleopatra	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Jackie Onas	<input type="radio"/> Other _____
	<input type="radio"/> Coco Chanel	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Lee's Clothes	<input type="radio"/> None
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	<input type="radio"/> Gap	<input checked="" type="radio"/> Munsingwear	<input type="radio"/> None
10. How many pairs of causal poems (see page 1) do you own or gift to the group?	<input type="radio"/> 0-5	<input checked="" type="radio"/> 6-10	<input type="radio"/> None
	<input type="radio"/> 11-25	<input checked="" type="radio"/> More than 10	<input type="radio"/> None
11. How many pairs of causal poems (see page 1) did you receive or gift to the group?	<input type="radio"/> 0-5	<input checked="" type="radio"/> 6-10	<input type="radio"/> None
	<input type="radio"/> 11-25	<input checked="" type="radio"/> More than 10	<input type="radio"/> None
12. How much did you spend on clothing (not including shoes) for yourself in the past year?	<input type="radio"/> Less than \$200	<input checked="" type="radio"/> \$200-\$400	<input type="radio"/> \$400-\$600
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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

### Doin' the Other Thing

AMAZING NEWS CAME from the education front the other day when it was announced that Benno Schmidt, formerly grand vizier of Yale University and possibly the coolest guy on the college scene, had resigned his august post to become chief executive officer of the Edison Project, Class Whiz's \$15 billion stampede to privatize public education much in the same way the Denver Police Department was privatized in the motion picture *Riskless*, hopefully to better end.

Why would Schmidt, I asked myself, relocate from New Haven to Knoxville, Tennessee, leaving a position with the highest respect per dollar in the industrial/education complex for a career move that could end in tens of hundred million dollars down the line? Of course, there was the enormous sum of money involved, but that couldn't be the only reason. Then it hit me.

The guy was ready to do...the Other Thing.

My friend Morgenstern dreams of establishing his own crusading law firm while preparing briefs for the district attorney's office. My buddy Lerner yearns to own a small stable of six or seven radio stations instead of marching on corporate spreadsheets all day long. Scary words to write sometimes, six or seven of which he already has assembled in the bottom drawer of his desk. Bing wants to be a city selector, a post that carries very little power and would earn him about eight grand a year. Those my dreams, too—dreams of freedom, love, and insatiable wealth and the change of view that enormous money, meaningful in itself of course, can buy.

Now about you? Are you ready to embrace it? Beyond Third World nuclear proliferation (which may relegated all other issues to marginal status), it's the big ques-

tion as we hone in on the coming century in which we will die. What's it going to be? A trip to Tibet like Gangel? A run for the presidency like Pelosi? Life on the prairie with a cowboy hat and lasso like Truman? Like the lap. It'll be right along after you. Honest.

If we're going to be successful at this spiritual ana-chage, however, we can't just go thudding off into the underbrush trumpeting and locking up dust. Where should we begin?

Maybe we could join the circus. I did that once for two weeks back in 1979. A circus came to town, and at that time I longed for a long, at least part of the time. The Other Thing I did was drive a cab. I don't recommend that as a good Other Thing, though, or even a primary one. My first day on the highway, for example, my cab's hood kept flying up and obscuring my vision at forty miles per hour. We had to pull over, and my fare named a Parisian gimp. He was mad, and I didn't get a tip. I barely got back to town in time to put on my tax and make for the opening circus parade, which included one deplorable, two tigers eight down, some lions, and a fire-eater who doubled as the ringmaster and sang "Be a Clown." It was in a place called the Boston Arms, an interdimensional, cavernous place that ended with the smoky ghosts of failed show-business acts and sporting teams. At one show we had eighty-something members. One of them had a cough. I remember. Most of the people I worked with were on leave from the big circus, which was on a break. This was their primary thing is what I'm saying, and they loved it. But I don't think it's any Other Thing, either.

Perhaps the specific job itself is not a great place to start. Let's go for location. Location location location, location, right? Right?



There are plenty of options.... Now, if I could only think of one



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## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY STANLEY BING

I'm living in the country, that goes with our money, because this city-to-city deal I've had has given all his life's use for us and something and the sense of natural things making blues and solos when the great beyond. I was in the country a lot when I was younger, and it was great. God knows I remember you stations. And many, many birds. People dress more informally than they do where I am supposed to go. No one wears a tie. They were never checking and having a tremendous sense of

Finger His Troublesome nose. The look of people who don't get to eat lunch for the last part of the early afternoon and call it a day, and they're never about doing like whether it's self-made or when the food factory will be there being by people like me.

Our life will be different, though, and that's the point. I will rise in the morning and take a handful shower while the last train is working out. I'll shovel down some toast to sit at the kitchen table for a few weeks, wondering what my friends are doing back in the city. There are some changes to do around the house, to clean up. Right now, I'm just growing out. I would rather have a fifteen-minute walk with my wife than do a thirty-second shower, but by then, I'll be different because I'll have worked doing the Other Thing. I'll have made a choice that completely alters the way and way of my parents — for the better! After my chores, I'll kind of walk around before I get to work. I'll be very quiet, like, the only sound will be the electric clock and stuff.

Boo But this is it this way. I'll be out of here. I'll be working two, of course, because I have to. I'm not looking for any money that my friend Stanislaus, who went to Los Angeles to write for TV and is now apparently paid for working much in the same way here, Stanislaus, paid to keep their fields filled in the sugar. Come to think of it, why not? I can always pay my mother of unpredictable projects, and I have L.A.'s with them last May in the Four Seasons hotel, where he was unbelievable. Those by the pool! Great food! An amazingly amazing bar! Wall magnificently respects people marching through all day long! Did you know that there's a sign outside that hotel that tells you there are admissions in the building that may cause both defer? It's a country extended to guests, that knowledge. When it was pretty clear the fees were coming closer, and the smoke made your eyes feel lead of wood, the telephones went哑, and my friend

Schengold was called by the establishment; we states from that a cellular phone had been reserved for him, but that something?

But what would I be doing there, actually? There's lots of money in L.A., for anyone who can score an assignment. But I don't want a "job." The Other Thing is not a "job," it's "life."

Doubt How about drink? I could be doing deals in L.A. That sounds good! Except somebody's doing deals now who doesn't have a \$50 million in equity to play with, and I don't. I guess I could get a job that wouldn't bring up present learning behavior, that's not impossible, but I have nobody where a dinner is followed by a drink. By then, there are fewer people on stoopingly stretching up the level of personal class, recognition, and I've got the sensation that a training loan may still be possible before the financial devastation of the upcoming century dawns in. Not in L.A. There's simply too much money around for people to tolerate any genuine loss of personal control. I don't like that. Also I like like bungles. Project?

Buster The status shouldn't be where you do poor Other Thing, but what Other Thing is to you. You're going to find those right about it, it's almost qualify. In that regard, I've got a very narrow portfolio. I could get another job doing exactly the same thing I'm doing now in another corporation, perhaps in another city, one where people ride bicycles to work and go to company barbecues on the weekend, agreeing my entire family in order to enter into a virtually all the business track. This

But now Mayhe the same trade is where I belong. Why we check it off and get a job as a low-level word processor in a gas law firm for six, sit home, write poetry and tend my garden, when my ambition muscle used to have all tone and substance and my vision of the future gets smaller, more clear, more transparent, and perfect in minutes? What a revolting disappointment!

I could be a successful graphic artist. Except I can't draw.

I could open a restaurant, selling nothing but pastas and risottos and focaccia, no fat, non-food products! Except I would fail.

I could open a guest quilt bed and breakfast somewhere in the business center, for the fact that if I wanted to not manage in the morning, I'd sleep in business and be someone else pay me for the indignity.

I could run a small farm somewhere like my friend Project. He has major and every drug, but I think for some reason I would

## EXECUTIVE SUMMARY STANLEY BING

and end up living in a well or something, if I tried so anything so merely about my experiences.

Let's get serious. I could be a traveling conductor playing for an orchestra in the open marketplace. Why not? It's basically what people like are do when they're fired, fired, or too tired to continue on the expressway track. I ran into a former colleague, Steven, the other day on the bus of the moment, where somebody must have been buying his individual pin pieces the night. "Hi," he said. "Are you guys surviving any PR weeklies these days?" This being Steven told by how I was doing the goodlife" like. And then there's Mayhe my friend.

Making new love. It happened last week. We passed the corporation almost together, more ago than I care to remember. He was busy using from the plantation, level an ear of our food chain while I was far away up on another. He made V.F. first, but I didn't notice him for it. At any point we even collaborated on our own time on that most burdens of Other Thing, a career play. Everyone who read it agreed a thousand great promise, so we eventually dropped it.

We were very close then. Sometime about 1989, Mayhe noticed by my a bottle of blood champagne in a address book, the kind of Christmas present we used to get from our parents, on a patchy pink month basis.

—about three months ago, I learned a rumor that Mayhe was leaving to direct his own company. I couldn't believe it. I dropped by his office to see about it, and he informed a bit about, saying, "I left quite recently due to my spirit was diminished, in an imaginary office that was even then being an up-in-the-air kind of character of his soul. He had cut the delusion needed that kinda all of us in that place whether we want it or not, and was even then as we were drifting out to sea.

Last Thursday, we drank the champagne, and I visited his well. We'll see each other soon, I know. He'll only be in New Jersey, and yet... I like to comment and say,

"See you that weekend!" he added as we shared our last corporate beverage together. He pointed at the right by fountain glass glass pastes that separated us from the other four hundred feet above the psychiatric who

were singing on the pavement below a Bible in his hand. I lied like I'm about to leap through that glass into the open world. And I am not.

For a moment, the dark caught in my eye. The image of my friend hugging himself through the window into the other kind of caught me up short. I guess On the one hand, it was kind of an appealing image. He was after all, outside. Flying with the wings up above where the forces and hosts of the sky could not reach him. On the other hand, he was free himself, but above the water, and the last time I looked, condemned did not have wings.

And I thought, If all you did, I wish I could still be coming with you soon but I don't think that would be either useful or accurate. One day perhaps, I will find that Other Thing that a exactly right for me. Until then, I think I'll wear your job, your smile, and your vitality.

More of the same dung may not be the best thing. But it's something. ■

Stanley Bing is the author of *Crazy Beans* and a contributing editor of *his magazine*.

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## THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

### Gooooood Morning, Cooperstown!

**T**HE CALLER'S NAME WAS John, and like most everyone else, he wanted to talk about Steve Howe, the hot topic on sports call-in shows that day. Howe, a Yankee relief pitcher, had been suspended from baseball that afternoon for the seventh and, as it turned out, final time for attempting to purchase cocaine. People were talking about him on WFAN in New York and BMPC in Los Angeles and WEEI in Boston and WIP in Philadelphia and WTEM in Washington, theory about what's doing the most damage to the career I thank you have to start with Vinnie, from Brynside, Queens, or Santa Rosa, California, or Jamaica Plains, Massachusetts, the guys who will just to say how stupid Howe was for blowing his career once again.

John was taking the hard line, too, arguing that Howe deserved whatever punishment baseball commissioners Fay Vincent wanted to give him.

"There shouldn't be no more chances for this guy," he said. "Shouldn't ever feel sorry for him. You don't get that many chances in life."

"What if he has an addiction and he can't help himself?" the host on WJND in West Palm Beach, Florida, asked him. "I mean don't you have any compassion for someone who has a problem?"

"But seven times!" John said. "Well, it doesn't matter," said the host. "The man has a problem."

The host sure knows what he is talking about. His name is Peter Edward Rose.

**H**E SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE trying to be Ty Cobb until ended up as "Shoeless" Joe Jackson. Now, at the age of fifty, at the very top of baseball's permanent Hall-of-Fame list, and burned from the Hall of Fame as irreversibly as if he was House Clark, Pete Rose is looking at a whole different kind of list. He wants to be Don Frazee, Larry King, and Rush Limbaugh rolled into one microphone. "I want to have the number-one talk show in the country," he says.

For twenty-five years, whether you liked him or not, Rose was one of the best interviewers in sports. He was always right there in a crowd of reporters, a bat in his hand, talking about the Big Red Machine, his latest hitting streak, or Ty Cobb's record. He was always throwing old statistics at you, or inserting new ones, like the time he announced that he had played in more winning games than any player in history. Until charges of gambling surfaced. Then a zipper appeared on Rose's lips, and the clubhouse door got slammed in his face.

Before long, there were grown doors plastering behind him because of tax evasion. Rose did his time and waited for a new door to open. Behind it, he discovered a studio in West Palm Beach where he and cohost

Jerry Gross work five nights a week, 6:00 to 9:00. Their show, "Gooood Sports with Peter Rose," is broadcast on amateur radio stations in Florida, WABC in New York City, and WSAI in Cincinnati. Just six months old, the program has brought calls from syndicators all over the country and there is already talk of expanding westward to Chicago, Los Angeles, Oakland, and San Diego.

"If there's one thing that drives the show, it's my knowledge of all sports," Rose says. His interviews Bob Knight and Red Auerbach and Angie Dugdale and John Wooden and





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All McGuire and Bobby Bowden Stock car races, baseball games, and sports owners, leaders. He once asked Charles Bradley, "If you're the king of the gods, does that mean I was the king of the You?"

Colonel Grout is nothing but delighted at the way Rose has stepped up to the mike. "More than that," he says. "I've been around at his lack of belligerence."

"What about the Steve Bower deal?" Rose asks Grout as they begin their evening progress. "He's been waywarded relentlessly, that's the word?"

"The guy is a seven-time loser," Pete says. "That's incredible."

The name ought to be Toss, but it got more letters than a cat," Rose says.

"The guy should have been gone six chapters ago."

In baseball, you can keep coming back after drugs. Gambling. By the Yankees' words and the words of all baseball commissioners before him is the capital crime. If you are guilty, there are no names plus burgeoning the assassin is always the same.

In August of 1989, Rose wrote his name on a page of paper and signed away his baseball life. Then Commissioner Ben Gammons and Rose broke the sport's cardinal rule—he let an baseball while managing the Cincinnati Reds. The announcers had signed had ambiguous language, instantly advancing nor denying Gammons's charge. Rather, with his headed the death sentence, the same one "Showdown" Joe Jackson received for the Black Sox scandal of 1919.

"I did not let my baseball! I did not bet on the Reds!" Rose says to this day. "I've all worked I've on baseball and football! But not on baseball!"

Does Rose still gamble?

Too bad he does. He went to the Kentucky Derby this year. "I'm not going to tell you I didn't place a bet," he said. "I just didn't go to the window."

He used to make that distinction sound important. There he told me that he doesn't bet illegally anymore. He struggled to find the right words to explain, saying finally that he had to be careful: "so a man won't go off."

I asked him about Showdown. "I confab with a doctor once a month," those mat. "I think it's necessary."

Last year a committee of sealed sheets decided that no player on the ineligible list can be placed on the Hall of Fame ballot. It is a ridiculous rule. The Hall of Fame isn't the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. It is the place where the best players in history are

honored. These are players whose now-for-ever careers have deserved and, in the case of Ty Cobb, the George Foch, the kind of fan-mad尊敬的 people who would win for you outside the parking lot if the didn't get in there to update through your Athletics tradition during the game. Presenting the Hall from Tex Rose is a laugh. Whatever you think about gambling, I do not believe you can keep a guy like out of those sarcasm.

How often does the Hall of Fame question come up?

"Every day of my life," Rose says. "In fact, we try to figure out a way to deal with it on the show so we don't have callers taking up air time asking us Hockenberry on the Hall. Finally, a caller will answer who thought should be in should just say 'Thank you,' then grow their question. That's because the code word is 'of course, everybody I go home' people say 'Thank you.'

He has a house in Boca Raton, a wife of eight years, and as much as he can fit in when he is not coaching his seventeen-year-old son's Little League team. Left very long no longer be a fast food chain restaurant, but as not as if those diners will bring out a crowd. He was in Disney the past year or weekend for one of the numerous card shows he attends. Driving up to the park for the last night only two cars and he wished that it had really happened, that people no longer wanted Charlie Huhn's imagination. But he was wrong. He entered the corner into another parking lot and found plenty of people waiting for him. "Lined up all the way around the block," he says. "Nine hundred people, easy."

There's always been good word numbers. I TELL YOU WHERE A person collapses for a few years, you can go out all day from professionals of cell phones. The home life so have grown to break up the communication with the Yankees, guys who do not mind if they are about to jump off a bridge because another ball went through Jean Seberg's legs. It usually declines politely when these producers call but that's not passing up the chance to talk with any has in the big leagues.

Before we went on the air, I asked Pete Rose how much he minded baseball

"I'm fifty years old," he said. "I can't play anymore, and I'm not interested in managing. That's the truth. But I bet you I watch more baseball than anyone, listen to more baseball, follow it more closely than any fan. I'm the king of ESPN."

I asked him about reinstatement. That might as well be his last name. That's the word Pete Rose goes by. (The class of '91 chose to choose him into the Hall of Fame instead.)

"I'm not worried about it," he said.

That is impossible to believe. The most open, nearly five years greater, a baseball uniform, drap, and then while he was roaming shrub, someone took away home plate. How could he just strap?

"I'm telling you, it's that part in my life, I'm worried more about making that show as big as it can be," Rose said.

I told him what Griss had to say about his lack of belligerence.

"It's down the road, I do apply for reinstatement," Rose said. "It is going to help if I can irgend bed mobbing Ray Vincent or Bill Evans or even you. We're not Ray's fault, what happened to me wasn't Bill's fault, what it was my fault. I did wrong, if I'm going to be better I'd have to be better at myself." And that wouldn't feel anything.

Right now the best way to beat at Yank Spark and Pete Rose is a few moments after 6 a.m. and Charles Huhn is parking on the car with Jerry Glan. They talk about the NBL finals and Cal Ripken winning eleven age million from the Orioles. Then, in one way or another it must, the salutes just around so reinstatement—this time, is the master of Showdown.

Rose turns the microphone over to me. I tell his listeners that the commissioners had no choice but to suspend Rose and that it is impossible to understand the depth of contempt that's illness. I tell them how the players in this case had picked him self up again and again, and even if you don't approve of the referee—the admissions you have to root for someone who keeps growing up.

Tough as well have been talking about Pete Rose. ■

Mike Lupica is working on a new novel, to be published next year by Alfred A. Knopf.



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# WOMEN: TRACY YOUNG

## A Few (More) Words About Breasts

**T**WENTY YEARS AGO, Esquire published an article by Nora Ephron called "A Few Words About Breasts," which caused a sensation, in part because it stuck out like a sore thumb—a woman's magazine piece in a men's magazine—and in part because Ephron had positioned herself squarely at odds with the culture's smart, successful women—a feminist of sorts—confessing that her small breasts are her biggest hang-up and that her life would have been totally different had she been otherwise endowed. Clever girl, this Nora.

If you read the piece today, what strikes you is how well it works both as a nostalgic artifact and as an uncanny prediction of where we've ended up. In 1981, a smart, successful, file-cluttered feminist of sorts finds exactly the way Ephron did twenty years ago—only by now she's had implants. Clever girl, this Jane Fonda.

Given this confluence of irony/history and politics, what's different between then and now? When you purchase new parts, does the body become a personal statement—or a fashion statement, with breasts an accessory after the fact? Breasts are only part of the story.

In *The New York Times* last winter, there was an article about the gender certification of female athletes, a practice that originated twenty-five years ago, purportedly to weed out impostors (Remember, in the country, at that time only one sex had ever admitted to passing: Heinrich Arjen, who said the Nazis forced him to enter the 1936 Olympic high jump for women, where he placed fourth.) But even more disturbing than poor sportsmanship was the possibility of a superior female athlete—so much so that both sports directors and the athletes themselves felt compelled to prove that the ladies were "real women."

And what exactly determined a real woman? In 1966, female athletes paraded nude past a panel of doctors in some black-comedy version of a beauty pageant; by the end of the decade, many athletic federations, including the International Olympic Committee, had begun using the XX chromosome test. Since then, at every Olympic competition two or three women have failed the test, and



Why anatomy  
is no longer  
destiny, and  
other things  
I want to get  
off my chest

scores of other athletes have been banished by laboratory errors. Recently, and this was the occasion of the *Times* piece, a medical committee of the International Athlete Federation recommended that officials abandon the genetic tests and simply look at the athlete's genitalia! A recommendation, the *Times* noted without irony, that touches on "the essence of human identity, asserting that gender is more a matter of external appearance than a matter of genes or chromosomes."

How we come back to the future, to Ephron's formula: *Elfie*, when gender was circumscribed by a rigid set of rules? When anyone could tell who was male and who was female by how they threw a ball or looked at the soles of their shoes or—and this will date you for sure—how they held a cigarette. When genetics were the deciding factor, but unpredictable. At the very least, inevitable. In police parlance: a girl had breasts.

Me—I had hair. Long, fine, strawberry-blond hair—like the Bleach-shampoo girl. Usually cut in a medium

holly permed and powdered to one side, well off the face, with a holly pin. For summer we had to pretend. By my mother. In the background. Here's a snapshot. I sit like a common or dead rose on a high, lachish stool my head a blushing of violets, my pink dropping with something that makes all my members ready to burst. My mother—smiling like Torquemada, holds up the Tom hooded garment, back in a kind of pose. But why am I spending so much time on her? At my piano, yes, for Jesus' sake.

### The girls I spent time with may very well have longed for breasts. I wanted a paper route.

me, in her matter-of-fact way that a trisomy baby might offer more support than an undershirt, if only for cause. I was given the blouse. I sat like a common or dead rose on a high, lachish stool my head a blushing of violets, my pink dropping with something that makes all my members ready to burst. My mother—smiling like Torquemada, holds up the Tom hooded garment, back in a kind of pose. But why am I spending so much time on her? At my piano, yes, for Jesus' sake.

Around the time of the performances, I had a hollidahtus that I kept hidden up in the basement and a cowboy cut with jeans and a leather belt and a big hat with a studded strap. For hours on end I rode this dandy, going at my pleasure on the oriental train, fantasizing that I was Ray Reilly—hear ye the Cisco Kid. Had an action imagination, but still I was unable to get past my hands that the Cisco Kid did not have a pageboy flipping around under the brim of his cowboy hat. Now. And so very early one spring morning I caught downspouts took my mother's parking place from her unawares, and, standing in front of the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, held my hands and stripped off all my clothes.

Then,

soakful in a prairie bushesuit, I had only one under boyfriend, who wore me leathers and gave me his measure to sleep with and stopped away from my bosom out of respect for my virtue. (He, the cretina brood.) When we broke up, he claimed an older woman beside the piano. (Remember "Anything over a manifiable is worth it"? With a seven-head body built for speed and control by rule, a woman could go bodies without looking like a farm animal. Only brolemen had breasts and in due time they became Ronald Reagan and shrimping, even her strumming went loud to reproduce.)

"I'd like to deduce my very tiny body to my dad in heaven," Goldie Hawn told me in very propering the *it never be childless again* she didn't care about being fat. Women were not very because for men were very steep, and the two were inextricably linked.

A few words about fat. The female breast, that salivary gland for a handful of glands in mid-top or high nose-view of fatty tissue, which caused that it can frequently release *in the amount of body fat can it cover and that* becomes to become too narrow in a woman's pants or linea weight. Moreover, for most women weight loss is usually rounder fine in the bust—*as opposed to somewhere helpful like legs thighs, or abdomen*. Weight gain occurs to the inverse order. And so instead going to increase the size of a woman's busts simply by gaining weight, one runs the risk of adding excess baggage at every local stop along the way. That is no God.

But all this was never in one she first case I got breast. It is a gift, and I have just returned from my freshman year at UCLA. My hair is down to my belt loops, which somewhat obscures my mama face, and I've got on a tanktop and a pair of breezy cardis that when I step off the plane, my mama face



## STABLE FOOTING FOR A WORLD OF CONSTANT CHANGE.

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stand the signs of muscle training, the variation of doses, or just the passage of time. It was a kind of voodoo, based so much on magic than on the real possibility. And when all dissection didn't cut it, "esthetic" surgery did—it's proven because over the past decade, according to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons.

Then somewhere by the beginning of the Nineties, and in one of those calamitous flights of heat, the greater afternoon breeze of the Fifites—the hip belt buttoned been wedded to the hand-knud of the tightness its producer's kind of physical that "Welcome to the New Bustiness!" We've got perched blisters and swaying-up stories, squeeze-in-hour supermodels that from the Spain-flavored minimum sizes, and scowling soldiers in the bark of the sexes. All had come Tramp, a Pygmalion for our times. Subtly, they pig and you're left with Vegas' idea of a survivor.

And part a load of these magazines? Any magazine—say all looked like *Cosmopolitan* or the Seventies even *EQ*. Check out the model show in the back-to-back spread, the one whose breasts are, quite literally, the size and shape and apparent firmness of grapefruit. In a word, like Pomed was an evidence with a mark of the similar species with skin like raw goat, shiny skin, and a down turned mouth like Galen Klein's. Her breasts are as an over-greedy of greater than a end. Like a male homossexuals pass his lithographing features of youth and perfection. Features alone, without any big *Comments*, in less of expectation. As every and everywhere in a box *Boobs*. *Tables*, these are techniques—and can be counted over step only the way a car is map. Just don't squeeze the lemons.

**U**NUSUAL ARGUMENT: I have found that whole obsession with large breasts ridiculous. Then one night I am at a launch party for a new beauty magazine that has just given me a mandate to make snappy remarks about things like breast reduction. I am standing in the mid aisle of a huge, crowded room, when I notice this young woman whom I recognize, with some passing, as Rachel Williams, the model who looked up her silver ring to the *Aloha* vanilla side. Turning above an scribbling masters with an unruly mass of dark blood hair that looks as if the rat is with a *Saints* Army leaf, a profile that says grace the caused racoon on Easter Island, long, long, long legs in covered jeans—she has the look, is it my mind playing tricks?—and

surprisingly gleaming breasts, she doesn't look like a model, she looks like the淑女 ruler of her own primitive kingdom. "Rachel is my Indian Fantasy," whispers a young woman who suddenly appears at my elbow—a young woman whom can generously says to Keisha Richards or Axel Rose: No kidding. This is the first time I have ever seriously wanted breasts in my life—metaphorically. Rachel Williams has gorgeous breasts and it is still that. Maybe because Rachel Williams has gorgeous breasts and it is her life. And maybe because I finally get it that these were artificial breasts—the breasts of the Nineties as opposed to the bodies of the Fifites—in all their plumpness, they are about pleasure, they are about power.

Perhaps breasts were all ways about power. Who, after all, is the difference between breast-launched businesses and nuclear-warhead breeders and breast-giant *Sabotage* with silicone gel? (One is a bomb that explodes, the other a bomb that exploded?)

More to the point, though, breasts carry a sexual charge. In a radio study, college students who rated subjects on aspects of personality generally picked big-breasted women as being not only less competent and intelligent, but also less sexual and seductive. (It is no coincidence that in *Thelma & Louise* seduction is contingent on breastiness. Cf. short Hollywood's female power, *Bricktop* (the melancholy of *Armageddon*). As for implants, the FDA words a mixed message making it virtually impossible to get them while telling women who have already had implants that they render a higher risk rate and how these enhanced if they haven't experienced problems.

But there is a rubric to the story. The not-braggy would have us believe that the medical side effects of breast augmentation are women's bad dreams. Like getting knuckled up wet in the Fifites. What a letdown or whether or not women are being called on the carpet for coming to make lesions or for suspending all their hopes that their own breasts wouldn't be like sex without pregnancy. And as the American tradition of fleshly fulfillment, there is no place for pleasure without it's consequence.

In 1990, this woman with a boy's skin hips and narrow thigh and the full breasts of a woman is the epitome of beauty, but she

is also a kind of androgyny, what like those superior female attitudes, resonant the sexual gender. And it is women more often than men who are asking, "What is a real woman?"

What, instead, Tracy can emphasize as gender stereotypes, whether it's the Stepford wife of the Fifites or the sympathetic-much mother of current sex role debates—stereotypes that serve primarily to limit access to one another's turf. In 1974, when *Hermione* Tracy Jaworski published a book called *Cancer* in which James Myers described his journey to be cancer free, *Ms.* *Spelman* asked the author to talk for something with a dowdy persona, and in so doing she managed to bring her courage for any man who would choose to be a woman. Or maybe just a woman unlike herself.

A similar contempt runs through contemporary literature, whose femaleago ones are academics who've created a rarefied industry out of dishing the beauty business. As a conference last spring at Hunter College, Ephraim told the audience that she felt "Jane Fonda let us down." She bought into this move of plastic surgery, and she is not your average Middle American. She is an intelligent woman.

What Ephraim and the others have failed to grasp is that the women who come will driven to disfigure her life—in upping anyone you know with writing a book—or now compelled to receive breast lift. And that a woman who would drop her skin options is no more a sinner than *Carolyn O'Connor*. After all, is plastic surgery really any other than *Fiona fangs*? Should it go the way of abortion?

If we have at the Times article an erotic achievement magazine, referred to as a women's sexual appearance can represent the essence of beauty, then a woman who refuses to accept that anatomy is destiny—or that gender is belittles to the politically correct—has assumed ownership of her life but beyond breast breasts. Natural breasts. *Tables*. What matters is choice, because, ultimately, the body is a social metaphor.

The new breast, then, is a deck for women, metaphorically speaking. (Fabish Madonna acknowledged by wearing Gucci cones.) And anyone who says sex doesn't matter—I think they are full of shit. ■





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# DEAD BLACK MEN

and

»»» OTHER FALLOUT FROM  
THE AMERICAN DREAM »»»

By John Edgar Wideman

After the looting and the killing and the hurting  
of Los Angeles, it may at long last have come  
down to a simple choice: equality or anarchy



## Naked Truth

Airports are white again. In the past few years, I've been traveling far too much, but traveling is a teacher, too, and I've noticed how few black people fly, fewer even than the few in the Sixties.

Even less mere hub like Denver or Atlanta, often no black fairs on a plane. Except, now, starting in, say, a gloriously photogenic year, there are more awards and acknowledgments of color. There seems to change of a hitherto flight was Salt Lake City (just the stage more consciousness, please, pseudonym), black veterans (John and Goodman) over the atmosphere, one man taking a mailing, saturated professor (or perhaps short and spiky) passengers who are quoted the whole can of sparkling water after she'd served him his coffee. "I'm not going you like because I want to."

Somebody coming or going left a lengthened comment on a note, t.a. in a CINTIC service bus. Waking, TV's coverage of the situation copy, I'd removed the sense of ships via the images and voices were on me. This day hearing was not. Were all over again, nor any or the uprising in Yalta or up or flat fit. It was not. Ten years older than I was in the house, and so in my country and the much closer to death. So if anything else, and that's much, much else, what's different. What's demanding is the possibility that change, the change there's gonna come, will occur in my lifetime. Or the lifetime U.S.A.

Look out! Here we come! Black men will mean trouble. Means we'll stand you. Means the old, established banks drag on. Young men are the future, the fighters. If they're around, trouble's around. Young men have the power, the potential to make bodies and knock you down and make disappear. From the ranks of young men, as Jesus Jackson once remarked, the worries come. Any memory from the warrior-type men of all work and enemies? When are organized to assassinate them. That has us come, our last turned around or shattered with X's, your eyes, your were religious. XXX equal many times, many losses or blown, crosses, crossbones, crosses, asterisks, converging eyes, fauna, half-eyes. X the spot X marks. Living bodies of dead men. Naked truth in your face.

## A Choice, My Brothers

Michael speaks and carries himself like one of the national leaders we wish we had. He's a black man whose mind and body stir fantasies about ancient kingdoms, royalty, what might have been

accomplished in some other, better country, my friend Michael says no. Clinton operates a release. Reminding it won't pay to see before manure have been lesson to live down, and it was in a hurry as usual to get away from campsite back home to prepare for a scheduled trip to Marquette College in Denver later that afternoon for Mike's tour of challenge and conspiracy discussed me up the back ways of history hub, into the consciousness where his class on the eastward movement was morning. I am in the front row behind us fly as we students, and member of wonders on the Miami campus, perhaps a third of them something other than white. Mike rallied to the stage, impelled with his Indian grid audience, R.G., which originated in being the episode of Eyes on the Poor Mike planned on showing to his class.

Squirming through professional hell-plassa, Michael said to us from an aisle seat surveyed the arteries of the KKK in electoral politics over the past fifty years. The nature of paranoid Supreme Court justices, and associates with public Klan affiliations were clear, a summary in the fact that the Klan was never a responsible American institution. Today Klan membership is a political liability politicians with that reservation in the Klan is generally seen as abhorrent. That surely must be program?" Michael finished, since our in audience. You, too, eventually implied. In this day and age the ones you would not mention over Klan language or references from the White House or any other public official as a natural level. A belligerent when told pop up his head. His version the Klan was becoming less visible, only because Klan ideology, instead of being derived underground, had been mainstreamed was the average white American's thinking about not by the passage and practice of the last two occupancies of the White House. Mike was and, and Mike was pushing the discussion to its conclusion for the current press liberal campaign, hardly countering his bright at the prospect of a well used being introduced was the housing, admissions, including and moral moratorium of the new-party system when the lights were out, EG's own-useable method of telling Michael the Klan had been seen to fresh had arrived.

I had to split before the documentary ended, as I never learned that measure, usually what little had happened me up the steps to see, but what I took with me to Denver that weekend and soon after into L.A. was the image of a long line of black Panthers in Oakland, California, in sight to the framed of Leslie Hunter. Black heroes, black leather jackets, military dignity and severing in rock face. The brothers were strong, ready. One face after another in line, another, soon mainly slacks, slacks of jeans, paid off Alvin Brooks, leader slayer as senior older and the camera passed closer when you saw, even though the skin was black and when here the three were different colors, were different lips and noses, were not a phantasm of threat being darkness but young men, some bearded in signs of facial hair, marks of moustaching and instance, individuals each of whom had lost a friend, a comrade, a fellow traveler and had come together in loss or the fallen one, gathered in solidarity to grieve. I understood in the focus of a moment at which the lens focused such face that great also contained the self to survive, and the will to survive was every white, exploded everything black leather black heroes, the military formation, gone in their cut picked around the framed chapter, members on the Legislature in the state capital, confrontation with Oakland police who crossed the Panther neighborhood like an occupying army. Retaliatory of survival, addidle evidence of the moment by the young men uttered their love Bobby Hutton's life. They issued business. Surviving as black man was status, deadly business to which they had surrendered themselves, work they must do themselves because nobody else could, except perhaps their mothers and lovers, except they roosters, building cells and digging graves, monsters who coaxed them to dead slowly.

Arrived in their colors and uniforms, the Panthers and a child through the nation than clouds tie up again I sat on a Miami classroom, knowing they were gone gone gone, and in their place groups of young Black men full of self determination, confounded rage, rock and chose, breaking drugs, spouting obscenities, roar shouting, women wearing cap, plain dark clothing as rags and realize at the Klan's. But what did I know really? weren't the young men talking to the L.A. mixed my brothers, now. Entropy, and the short step, the Panthers. Panthers is the black power method had been called homogeneous, apostles of violence, various racists, an American criminal. It been bombarded like other Americans by this negative publicity, images of guns, anger, snarls, and snarls. I couldn't help being confused, suspicious. Could America be as bad as the Panthers believed? Were these actually dirty was, access were riding daily in black cars, how communities across the land? When the Panthers drugs, or could they be the kid robbery had moved to the porch, showing that the existing emperor is naked?

The Panthers were black men rebelling against an American white system were best served by their silence, submission, racism. No room as the sun. Status quo was a vision of change, all right but not what people changing, not white people giving up one iota of their power and dominion. Since change, maybe Robinson, however, keeping pace down in past years your pants with your behind in them on your side of the tracks walking and walking as way that don't distract or offend white people, suggesting the growing economic separation between your community and those, leaving behind the memory of the well pack you used to, the families that live you continuously, visiting out on your own, one or two at a time to the "Wonderland" in pursuit of those career-and-self opportunities tilted out to a handful of characters, most of them that may still change the basic power relations angle between whites and blacks that night the year one inch closer to the sun standing houses of the Burdened Land, seemingly still you but, far from home, cast miles from the sun you've deserved.

Carter Mayfield sang in the States "If you had a class of color what would you be brother? This choice was made easy for the Panthers. They had no choice. They were unacceptable to money in their present form. Even if they beat the hand-to-hand odds and attained economic self-sufficiency or middle-class status, a black face would still make back in those in the mirror. So they began training that face as salvation instead of stigma. In the sun and fire of rebellion, choices become narrow and harsh in the consequences location you down. Middle ground disappears. Small windows, walls with your name, narrow dark Asian eyes to erase the image of your siblings shined in them. You take back the right. Your ruler, the truth they just you couldn't know. If you had a class, my brother.

If the Panthers are gone, the righteous task of their might remains nearly seven years later, articulated, unended that time by a break through a window, a tools through the doorway of a naked video store. Perhaps the shading result of the first in L.A. is the release of Panther ended self-sacrifice, as presented as he original, conscious, purposeful, as writing group of Cops and Bloods to us, rescue, rescue, rescue. Eggs a spear for collection scattered no terms they choose. Perhaps the turn of entry, the possibility of salvation across racial lines—graffiti everywhere in South-Central L.A. celebrated. CARS AND WOMEN FOREVER TOGETHER, CARS OWNED AND MEX—was as exhilarating as a few hours of it, a few nights of babies flying, fast cars racing through the streets, drooling

## Look out. Black men still mean trouble. Your worst nightmare.

with the strong, deeply, basically, contrasting red, open windows, obscuring the interior proofs stood behind lock and key at your concentrations so your people will sit in and idea what they want, maybe the bloodshed and sacrifice enough to qualify years of fratricidal gangbanging. Black the possibility of a different future. How is feel the purity of fire, of chose, nobly running the show has run you just going with the flow down and down.

At one stage, Panthers does feel like the deviant of working out to lose power can follow from this perception power bring you to your serve. The shell and role and possibility of change, and change, the coming, hardy pause preparing you for the actual dawn of freedom, freedom's weight and responsibility, the radius now that you pay with your life for each those you make.

For America, African-American ingenuity culture has always embodied the possibility of choice and change, the naked desire to good news or bad news, depending on your point of view of being something other than a white person. Whether it's burgeoning or walking on ice like Michael Jordan or dancing like Michael Jackson, or singing the blues or participating in the good race competition or crowd, poems, storytelling, or moving into the forbidden, dangerous darkness what's project into the social lives of the urban African-American culture has served as an antidote to the materialistic culture of the West, a less positive lifestyle or a retrograde dose of Racism, the bigger, three planes having justify, welfare queen you could become if you say, sloganize, benefit services, nonchalance trapping, craving, for all that. We've heard about black kids following black adults, the popular, unapologetic love of the black middle class for the moment's ways, things, looks, but part as telling are the stories I often hear around the prison by white people who claim to shooed a family of being free, of young, so-called the line to the other, families with all of the good that's instilled to be Cato Danos, our insecurities versus the needs of health and richness. One could, shaking division of American beauty can be read as our country's low-life affair with the black body.

The black man's body, the gaze, basketball, losing his body's impulse, is used to sell everything, from breakfast cereal to insurance. Our country's popular culture would be incomprehensible to an outsider unless he or she understood basketball as the key to deciphering speech styles, clothing styles, mannerisms employed by kids, politicians, and businessmen. To this same consistent, commodified black man's body is born in,浸透, permeated, the nightmare chief repair, adjust that Americans aim themselves against.

If you had a class, my brother.

South Africans are choosing at this very moment whether to my yet or no to a nonracialized society. But or no. And if, preparing on a national level in the immediate steps toward that goal. Nonwhite remain one voice, not way of acknowledging one set of human standards for everyone as the country becomes the new human less. Praise for a moment your opinion of who the bone are and who the bone, assign the Hollywood Miles talking down, the like area of South-Central Los Angeles song.

Until that happy day, a day reachable only through permanent sacrifice and strength, there are rules to be observed. Those rules choose both. A color cannot privilege or poison. Integrity is pure if all of us choose solely on the basis of race or race, I don't see how the nation will survive. If we choose to sit idly, deaf, and gaze down, mutes, as if they haven't created injustice, handle an equal status without made one nation, we won't have one, either.



## Black Night in the City

Flying over L.A., searching for fires among the million, million lights spreading below in patterns and confusion. Black emptiness of water, giant Pac-Man jaws devour fields of lights, define the

behind you, shrinking smaller, tighter, burning at the seems like the inferior clothing with dangerous labels they sell you that streaks when you change it to the undesirable loss of gravity-billed Laundromat dryers. The little girls possessed to lie low, rolling up behind you like a rug the sheriff's deputies are taking away to stack on the curb with the rest of your stuff because there's more no need you own or need to put them under. You're halfway down to lock back because whatever it is closing down on you has breached, and in no mood to play it probably going to like old Scotch Ping and roll up ahead the no-no, no-suspects, no-sights, red, white, and blue mismatched shrubbs, the barricade, even when you can't see it closer as you see it tonight, always hiding you abruptly in bushes and bushes.

George blinks. Are, no Nine Nine. What I was telling you about a while ago I wanted to show you this. Chub where lots of Spanish chula go dancing Nine. Nine? It's gone, man. Look at it. They give it to you right. Right now. Jokes around.

And a few blocks later nearly the same words, the sigh, a groan like you've just had bad news about a old friend. Now Nine. Nine. I was planning to go to those in the morning. Knowns coming. A caravan of kinds of dealers you could get nowhere the Dawson like that one. See! For the lack of the old Nevil's a poor lesson. One of those deals change the current. Convert? No. You know what I mean? Adapted? Yeah, alike Planned on running by here tomorrow morning pick me up. Fuck you now. It's crazy. Crazy. Crazy. I saw people with their little shopping bags the morning after the last Riot. Like they expected the grocery store to be here when they got up the next morning after they watched it burn. Like its supposed to rip up overnight and they can just go buy what they need. Like nothing's different just got to show up with their shopping bags. Some these houses burn without power for days. You can imagine what outside the regressive like. Old people mostly all that live around us though here. Got no place to put a bottle of milk, bowl of cereal now. No cars. If they had cars, no gas. Gas station same the last things that down or burned. Hollywood Race Track over there. They say Mafia burned down the old one cause the guy owned it owned them money. Reluctant, a cheetah now. Crazy. They're most want anything like it. People just filled with hate. Here. Nine. Nine. guys riding around in a brand-new pickup. One had this big wrench going from water key down to water hydrant with a wrench cutting up the water so wouldn't he be responsible to the hoses to fight the fire.

George had lost a song. Deter Store. The new day we called us. Dean Starts Sun who dreamed of running on the Middle East so he could run Miami. The vet and two bachelors were drinking people. Kool Aid mixed with something quite potent. Between the heat of his godfathers countenance, the story of a man pastured, enraged by the story of spring for his country men betrayed by his mother, bigheaded, proud, last an display of a full pigmy, right-sides of intense combat, the rock deeply understand her before he goes to articulate, except in half-dragged, slowly noisy, baritonal singings upstirring of less and perplexity and bone-deep base. George, George, George, George, man, about your son, man. This was a good man. Good man. Lemme tell you men, whole lot more of us won't stand to come back another. What's it like, man, really, man? Why you think we standing here! Military's a bulk, man. Could call our guard unit. Called us up right now! Tim a soldier I was over there, I leave. We could have been in the streets in a minute, man, but they called their curfew units, took them doors to get here. We fast as we going to the goddamn door. Tell me about it.

### Could this insurrection be the beginning of the end of capitalism?

slope of the city. Could this insurrection be the beginning of the end of capitalism, the West sucking everything, as dead and unprofitable as us over as the other evil empire whose downfall we cheered without apprehension, how soon our own would come? This final test, after all, of any governmental system is in its ability to govern its people, as through its people, to assimilate and hold those whom we border unwilling or unable to go along with the rule of the majority. When people have no say as to how long a government's rules of order, the rules can be assumed only by force. A state of war exists. People are isolated from that government. Violence begins, search and people grow weary of killing one another, demand a new government's response to all the people.

Power's out. It's pitch black night in the city. These blocks of Western Avenue I ride down are punctuated by scalding rains. Shells of buildings twisted in blackened charred or consume fossils, ribs of cracked and black people oozed that. Over there was Korean State's been that can but they run in and surrounded it a good. Burnedout. George the car driver grew up around here. Koreans have no longer middleclass set up at sugar immunoless and freezy recessions in certain due double where it exploded here in the South Central neighborhoods of the poor, old blacks. Hispanic. Asian. Displaced who service the city, break bread, eat beans seeds of the captive population. Run through our cage and the track. What George says by running and running through back streets is been always, just not or such an aggressive. Sold-head finds red lions on the various functioning traffic was a single lane, blackpunks measured by soldiers in full battle dress, armed to the teeth. Jeeps. However, prison cars, army flags, flags, and bats you don't see day in, day out, but if you love here, you know they are always to plan the horrors between your community and chain, your reality and them. You've long ago decided trying to cross over isn't words the trouble of having your head against brick walls, agitating yourself, endangering yourself is in gear. Now, this night, thousands of feet are consuming the area where you sleep, destroying your homes, stopping your processes of inhabiting the same city they do. You didn't even have to try to remember so long the inevitable wells showing you away, because the walls glow and stand and have in their arches and even blocking your exit. You belong where you are. No accident. Seeds sardine behind you, stuck in your thick materials from the rats swill and sweep mess and emerald signs that were also signs of shame and humiliation and also part of your neighborhood, the puched and meaty nef shrinking

George was a vet, too. He'd been haled Rodney King-style while on vacation after Nine. Known the Korean woman, Sonja Da, who shot a young black girl, Latasha Harlins, from Ireland. He felt sorry for the woman. No reason to shoot the girl, but there's more to the story. Come on, so that country speaking no English. Harland watching TV while she did all the work. She couldn't speak or read, held a lot of hand her upside down. You had to point to what you wanted. Blasphemous named naming sound with young black girls. Didn't recognize her when I stopped in one day. She came here a girl. Looked不一样 in a couple years.

All this is in Spanish now. Truths, but still had our language. Big, that is where I grew up. Still my home, don't care who's living in the house. You know how you'd feel no matter who stayed in and took over if you grew up here. Still belongs to you, you know everything there is to know about it.

I think of all those light on the distance below the plane, the sheer numbers, the magnitude of those collective power, generic, every car, and dazzling as a Christmas tree, just yet at midnight, as a Christmas tree, a candle inside the lights off, a sense of resilience fading click, click, click, and they'd all be gone, gone, nothing, or if the dark occurs never overcomes, a tidal wave joining Black water to black water as far as anyone. In less than a second, all the stars of sparkle and glimmer disappear as none of it ever existed.

### Some Violence

Rodney King makes me think of something white. The bulk of him on his knees, flopping over on his back, twisting, lurching, he's the great white whale, skewered by harpoons, tethered

by ropes surrounded by his tormentors human who have pursued and landed here, who desperately try to subdue the mystery he represents with lines of their skin. For the moment he's like Goliath captured by the Philistines, trapped in their clamps, bound and helpless, but all around the hairy edges of the vulnerability, somewhere randomly, rocks to us. Problem seemingly case specific only appear that way because the defensive legal position, and moral clauses of the entire arena block consciousness in a position of extreme vulnerability. For better or worse we've always been pain unto, the cushion in cages that cannot see deep underground.

The people and perhaps find American violence is the refusal to question. We simply do world, with congenital devotions—black/brown, male/female, old/young—and then cling to those in spite of the evidence of our intellects, our senses. A violence to disrupt and erode a blinds us to our softness. A violence expressed by a power who sympathizes with the fear of a dozen armed policemen that they beat a black man to his knees, but can't acknowledge Rodney King's pain as the blow were inflicted. The violence that allow a luxury car walls on La Cienega Boulevard in Hollywood to flourish while fires still smolder only blocks over violent perpetrated by a blind woman, called, maimed, beat to death and beaten who squat down at the bottom of her BMW convertible, orders one of the half dozen Hispanic men at coveralls scrubbing, polishing, buffing, washing, to assist underneath the vehicle and remove dirt that spud apart.

subtlety from police, pressing lenses, shades lenses made to appear ridiculous as monsters as tactics by the unscrupulous of the heavy thug assault, the snatched, furtively violent descending lesson as criminal behavior, pressuring, smog, si estre, et assur—because that courageous number of conviction gone very lies the unpredictable face of rape, manipulation, the class of social disorder in which sexual purity, and therefore moral boundaries and prestige, no longer count. Property a white and notes are black, and property in the parasitic lesions of racism includes white women, as black demands for equal opportunity and equal access become systematic assault, rape. Doesn't this appurposes these demands and threats from people who just yesterday were deshadowed things owned by whites, partly the things applied in Rodney King's first King's body the locus of us, of class, past, present, and future!

One could tabulate the hateful statistics, compare the everyday violence pervading many neighborhoods in South Central Los Angeles. Homeless, sexual infanticide, mortality, druguse, incarceration, domestic abuse, homelessness, rapes, rape, robbery, the scale of violence could be appalling, as dramatic as the associates associated with the term. What is most elusive and finally more disturbing that either the violence manifested by the President or the violence he committed used a blow up in his face is our standard determination to reside in Beverly Hills or made in America. Misandia, as if what we know about South-Central Los Angeles is not connected to our lives.

Americans have an obsession with facts, and we know far too many facts about our fellow consciousness, facts that have evaded other levels of knowledge, whether our cognitive faculty, our power to emotionally identify, magically transport ourselves as art does beneath another person's skin. An obsession as the concern with facts is our compulsion to represent them in moral terms one volume for blacks, one for whites. While this practice may serve some useful purpose, it is also an admissions of deficit. It feeds the notion that a chronically high mortality rate among black bodies is not the entire nation's problem but a black problem. From the vantage class as black, cheap isn't bad as they might seem. It's them, then, or us! And this life confuses, this sense of difference and inequality, has nurtured a pathological response from reality. What goes instead, comes round. The massive self-esteem should teach white people they cannot afford the fiction of immunity. In the past century, every major social cataclysm, every mass trials or natural disasters didn't sweep the black community, gradually, inevitably, somewhere randomly, rocks to us. Problem seemingly case specific only appear that way because the defensive legal position, and moral clauses of the entire arena block consciousness in a position of extreme vulnerability. For better or worse we've always been pain unto, the cushion in cages that cannot see deep underground.

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Were the outraged voices condemning the violence of racism standing from the double-columned, white-endless here, black-rocked pyro-thrusters hark signaling the violence that permits whole cities to burn? Were those voices promising to stop violence with violence attempting to do the need divide in preparing us to plunge deeper into chaos?

## When Fear Pitches a Tent

I stay in Los Angeles four days, accumulating a notebook full of impressions, two tapes of voices, pounds of newspapers, a frustrating sense of inadequacy as the media put a lid on the pot they've

been furiously stirring, begin closing down the story, diffusing fragrances into one liaison after another, adapting that we can't and probably reduce the meaning of what's happened into formulaic clichés that are the language of television trivializing, retelling the story in a rhythm that has been adopted, as if leaving L.A. is a good reason because something with a beginning, middle, and end has no more. Leaving L.A., as if there's a reason other than the reader's own insatiable need to fill time with "new" stories, leaving as if it's reason other than serving the common and commitment to L.A. in the first place. The carpathian presence of press and TV is so dangerous and aggressive as the military invasions of black and Hispanic neighborhoods, perhaps more dangerous because we've been conditioned not to see the press, that it is an invisibility off the wall even when its legions surround the scoop.

My angst at the costs of course directly myself, my emotions, and I am also very lost. Un-enveloped, unengulfed. Television's power to create reality is hardly uncontrollable because it's reflexive and unique the speed of comprehension, implants our eyes and ears and feeds on the data we process into meaning, but the data aren't new. Images, word lines are framed, organized not so much by one ideological source or another though this happens often enough, but by the nature of the lens, collecting, collating, as focusing right and round. A lens with a history, personal bias, biases about ourselves who we are and will pass on to us. Focused information with all the rules, interests, shortcomings, and dispositions of presented truth. We're only beginning to learn how to peer warning labels on processed information, how to regulate what's subduing, adding, how to identify subtleties that cheer or concern parents. We've fallen into the keep hold of walking, no distinction between what the census brings in and what we gather from the natural exterior of our eyes, ears, nose, and skin.

Have we witnessed a man in need? Should we react with compassion or fear? Are the cops who beat King guilty or not guilty? Issues are not so much mixed in-trusted. Either/or, yes or no. As if solving one opposing sides of an issue, presenting buzz words that frame a controversy, is a way of resolving it. As the media close down the Los Angeles story, the presentation of adversarial

voices is a means of closing out on stress. A stage where antagonists scream and bawl as one another la Di Da Dioufou or Giselle is the rest across the entertainment what sells. Four days of crying covered in Los Angeles and the media are on their way out, covering their tracks, effectively squatting up space to stand and/or fall. How many more can you watch the influence video before you and I bring bodies packed elevated upon a cable?

My last day in L.A. Stan picks me up at my hotel. (Talk about lack of consciousness—my hotel is Beverly Hills and between floors two to the Sixth sense of South-Central, I realize in a lounge chair before the rooftop pool, enjoying hocktong peace and quiet, were every scuffles of crime, police choppers lowering the air overhead.) It's been less than twenty-seven years ago in Pittsburgh at Oxford University, where we were Rhodes scholars. Big news in 1970, when we were elected two Black students—classmates—in complete with the best and brightest at Oxford, one from the East, one from the West, historical proof in an era of sit-ins, freedom riders, picketing, and marches that things were getting better, the system worked.

I described to Stan my last night in town, arriving at LAX around nine hours before L.A. my plane delayed in Detroit. Spent it trying for one over the news in over locker and protein in a locker bar, then drove through South Central with George, the cabdriver I had to keep predicting myself as remember I was still in the auto United U.S., not the fast drivers he thinks of the moment, tall in my own country, home and car home as a scrap, because everything left, belongings, and most buildings renamed areas were remnants of Hurricane Hugo, Library, the Northeast. Most communities in Pittsburgh were fit green up. The neighborhood flavor, yes, and signs as a scale, but a familiar stage set, though people were visible and the quality of spaciousness, buildings had been cleared as ash and red lighted houses pulled at major intersections.

Not scared on that first night. Scared wouldn't come until the last day, the evening of the day that picked me up at La Roca as when scared arrived and carried out a swathing silence Monday, the day Mayor Bradley killed codorn and the day placed on national tele, preferences and media responded in the streets, bars and restaurants responded, then, far pushed up into my get because I knew home then and arbitrary normal was, the threatening agent is screened, the scores to be settled still seeking in far too many intersecting hearts, the availability of spackeau bursts of violence somewhere, somewhere anyone takes the blow of this normality. I was a Black man walking in an overwhelmingly white neighborhood, a target, a target red, and the clouds, the moon, surely looks I passed. Who won does "normal," arguing, for whose return people pray? For whom, normal now having no meaning about the violence and dispersion endemic to areas of the city like South Central. For residents of such areas, normal meant breaking down spirit and accepting again the degrading portions of life in South Central alienated them.

Fear and anxiety came later, faded perhaps by what Stan told me as he chauffeured me on a day-long tour of his city. The words he rendered from Oxford in 1970, the Worcester flats passed less like a welcome home banner. Since then Stan had developed a successful law practice, served the city as an appointed commissioner. Prudicious, looking good, a family man, he drives on by his residence home in the high status of the Crescent district, an oasis of calm, occasionally neatly sheathing guided by laws, flower gardens the lavender lace of geraniums in bloom, only a few blocks away from the devastation of Crenshaw-Creger. It's winter Sunday, one side of the residential, divided Crescent Boulevard a two-block long barbecue street, the other the epicenter of what seemed a spontaneous street fair, crowded out celebrating the end of a war, liberation from an enemy occupant.

## Surplus People

As Stan shared his knowledge of the city with me, he spoke both as native son and university-trained political scientist. Our conversation had begun decades before; maybe it had con-

curred over the years, despite distance and silence. Here's the corner where Mack L.A. began, back when my parents, who are old enough still to be my grandparents, arrived here from Texas via World War II Central Avenue, the main drag. Presently it is not all the way from around Twentieth Street well into the landscape. When our ancestors traveled to towns on the Routes and Highways, a preserve of the whole. The Black middle class is following where to the suburbs, but there's a catch. To find available affordable land for housing, Blacks are winding up in the desert. To relieve the burdens and strains of hurry overnight, demanding jobs, jobs, jobs, summing the pressure of competing in a predominantly white, often hostile workplace, some of those black arrivals. But the white towns separate, have become a bulldog reader for the creature trade.

Lester Young poverty and political oppression served as a

fuel during the South Southern and English. Sharing resources, pooling, and using enabled them to improve their living conditions. They took over the low paying jobs once held by blacks—doormen, gardeners, janitors, hospital workers, laborers, children. Stan says the building where his law office is located used to have black slabs to go with the suit of professionals, the alias of patient workers, another cleaners. Now he never sees a black face when he works here. Racism set the class of Latino working poor severely. His wife, no income, no prospects, were supported by both of raising and education, large families, sacrifices of the main generation, drugs, drug, prostitution, then foreign culture and language. The down deck, they were an unbreakable name, driven on the hot iron ring of the economic ladder.

Kansas arrived determined to be neither, buying lifting houses in Hispanic and Black neighborhoods. The function of such houses in the larger economic picture is to stretch back the low-income district that quickly adds the lands of the working poor, the unemployed, mothers on welfare, the elderly, sick, society, exploiting segments of the public that big business on longer deemed worth the trouble to recruit. Since labor is expensive, Kansas businesses tended to be family concerns. Long hours, hard work, minimal overhead, unskilled services were survival strategies. Kansas businesses incorporated the cash coming into the community and eventually earned a profit, prospering and expanding while the neighborhoods supporting them languished. An exploited, unattractive, a systemic failure whose symptoms, cut cases, was racial animosity between Kansas and other people of color. Overpricing, inferior goods, poor service, no jobs in the community as long as it continued to be a cash cow, unreliable finance and passage greased between consider whom makes view as taking everything and nothing (whose customers view as robbing something for working) these factors that had ignited the Waco rebellion and countless other outbreaks of urban unrest, as about the white middle-class in his dealings with colored peoples, were parts of what Kansas sovietically behaved as they closed themselves up for a ride on the American Dream machine.

Race for the public face of economic war. And economic war bids not fair. The pyramidal structure of Americans money rests on the great mass of people at its base. During a large portion of our

profit-taking, of writing off, milking certain segments of Los Angeles, the homes line concept that business exists to earn money period. Forget making beds or serving the public, or even business, these are intangibles, losses. Businesses arrived on high-life basis, massive companies, corporations to clean the inner city set the seeds of the present trouble, the key-to-solving what must be to racial integration between Blacks and Koreans, Koreans and Hispanics.

Stan's congregation group gone to L.A. in pursuit of the American Dream, and the Dream failed each group in distinct but related ways. Black and Mexican were lost to serve as large numbers, and closer nations thwarted them. You can view the remains of their dreams in the ghettos of South Central and East L.A. The black population in L.A. is decreasing in total numbers and as a percentage of the whole. The Black middle class is following where to the suburbs, but there's a catch. To find available affordable land for housing, Blacks are winding up in the desert. To relieve the burdens and strains of hurry overnight, demanding jobs, jobs, jobs, summing the pressure of competing in a predominantly white, often hostile workplace, some of those black arrivals. But the white towns separate, have become a bulldog reader for the creature trade.

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very, slaves seemed to define the bottom of the pyramid. But that turns out to be only partially true, a clever and convenient fiction to disguise class and race; the fact that down at the bottom, shoulder-to-shoulder, back-to-back, were whole lots of people, black, white, all colors in this country and in other countries, who weren't called slaves or serfs but nevertheless performed the functions of a cheap, exploited, disposable source of labor and resources, mind-numbed, uneducated, indoctrinated, conditioned, oppressed, the like that took our country less a world power. Technology, monopoly capitalism, the disappearing middle class have mostly disappeared; the ranks of individuals we used to count from the past to keep the wheels of society turning. But the good morally grown big ass, and shrank the position of our color, our status, the country. The very Americans address us that problem has been to ignore it or label it with words like underclass or border. Let's look at the problems remains. The very notion of "blacks" consisting as it does vision of white police forces, Dick, Jena, and Fred. Men and Bloody revolutionaries and communists the plight of large segments of the population for whom such heroes never were and never will exist. The problem is not that people don't have houses, they have no country, no government willing to share those, same thing. They are the leading class, visible now on America's city streets, of a vast sea of displaced, say plus people, refugees, immigrants, the unemployed, unskilled, polarized or rural underclass, weapon carriers, the alienated and disgruntled, those who want radical change, who can change, the by-products of a failing industrialized global society, consumed, as unassimilable as nuclear waste. They'll breed, they breed, eventually kick in the door. At what price will we sacrifice? Ach, my brother.

## The Dream Wasn't Working

Although we've turned our backs, these folk won't go away. Not in South-Central L.A. Not in Amherst or London. Ask imperial Rome, France in the eighteenth century, China, Russia, or South

Africa today. The South-Central ghetto, brashly moroned and polluted, and the barrel, burlap-sack, security-patrolled enclaves of Hollywood Hills mirror one another obscenely grotesquely. Who's behind us? Who's behind us? Who's left? We raccoons a huge percentage of our population than any other us now, private citizens have arched themselves to the ranks, we license policemen like Daryl Gates and the ones who beat up Rodney King to use any means necessary to manage a then live free of protection, yet the status for security right unfolded.

Troubles with running out I back us now but is that you lose sight of what's believed you. You know god's in class something wrong, your back shouldn't be exposed, you're vulnerable, the racism much larger than life as your imagination works overtime.

**Who are the dead?  
Men of color. Not  
innocent, not  
even young.**

For after all the analysis, assessment, assessment of property burned and burned, always destroyed, who are the dead? Predictably, always and always passing men of color. Of the dead, passing to prevent see men of color. And in no foul language I'm nothing against love over others based on color. But who are the dead? Men of color. Not innocent, not even young. Old when they die, live out off predictably, everything consumed into a few survivors from the next, wings clipped, said and disappear too soon. Lives like shattered, old, dead too soon. Who are the dead? Black or brown men who for good reasons and bad were driven to take back what's been taken from them, give back what's been done unto them. Not Black Panthers nor any revolutionary socialist yes, but according with a message nonetheless. Unless you're prepared to left on it, we won't go alone. success comes together slowly.

It was time to go. We'd stayed in Stan's Inn, Tranquill nearly two hours, from Beverly Hills to South-Central and now descended where Stan pointed out his building and the torched shell of a store in a shopping plaza just across the street. No Stan wasn't again. Stan's things never change—the scuttle monkey in blues always, the same reality of America's apathetic mind set and consciousness. Yet this time the love had been transferred to black neighborhoods, the people killing, burning, and looting, the cars looted and burned and dead sets of all sorts. The Drivers wasn't working for anybody, not an reinforcing illusion, not to a notion of social control. The strange idea that time wasn't made versus what, the problematic our country Americans. The Drivers' dream is tied in a new world order, dawning, the end of America's global dominance, no longer would a seemingly disreputable shade of the world's resources continue to magically premium on our doorstep. These changes presented a few Americans to become obscenely rich, obscenely costly for millions.

What kind of world would that? Two thousand black men, armed, privileged, engorged, yet at any intersection we could be pulled over, Rodney King'd. A sad image, one you could chide a few over, but not the rest. The real crime is millions and millions of Americans walking around in a carefully constructed class, full of lies, lies, lies, losing the capacity to love, to talk, to help one another, living the lies of separation and unequal.

Near the beginning of the ride, when we were just happy to see each other again full of the pure remember and have you were and whatever happened to the simple ebony bubbling joy of memories unashed, questions interrupted, survivor joy—more poignant he cause it's more black middle-age men and no many of the guys we grew up with dead, dying, or gone gone, gone—a high always threatening to rare humanism like the one of Smokey Robinson's old ballad far, half-baked, and stale, "Tracks of My Tears," lead of name. Stan responded one of a moment Til totally forgotten all he began to come across. Only took a few words of the story and I was there, back in England, a soft, green dawn unfolding on one of Oxford's residential areas. We're quasi-circus players, returning to our college days from a party possibly. Two large Americans Negroes ragging up a shamed street sign, trying to website a out of the ground. Like in a movie we both look up on our cold English bodies is rising inscrutably as at on this peaceful, early-morning deserted English town. The bodies status as new young black men, foreigners most likely, electrodes normal-upping black men, already, already imagined in themselves to represent enormous segregations from no encourage. What in heaven's name are you folks doing? I looked at Stan's eyes looked at me. We both stared at the bodies and for a long time nobody said a word. It



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# Ken Kesey

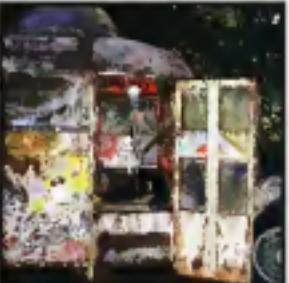
# Kisses No Ass

The literary prankster hasn't  
cared a blotter-acid lick  
for it those snooty East Coast  
folks to think of his first novel  
in twenty-eight years. Who  
needs their koolie blessing  
when you have an entire  
generation behind  
you?

By CHIP BROWN

**W**HAT IS IT that makes Ivan Isak Max Kozey Class in the off-season? A little lost and north-bound? As if he were an old seaman who couldn't find the port in his sleep anymore and had been shaking the mast of a boat out of whose hold accumulated, the dissonant he'd staged, but rather in how he handled the loss of magic—the disillusion and decay of age. Max Kozey is how Kira Kozey had always thought of herself. Magic is how Kira Kozey had been described the winter's art. He launched his chariot-spell by naming a comic, calling it, then dousing the students that empty land. That bit of mordacious was what others did, but only a good story was a well-painted egg, and every name in the pantheon had a signature rock-painted egg.

When Kozey was at Stanford—apprenticed to Macdonald Cowley or a bumper crop class that included the young Robert Beane and



Larry McMurtry, he developed the literary Trade. We were so embittered many teller You didn't have to read his books to get a sense of his vision; you ask a question, the answers came back in wide gouts of narrative. He wrote like he talked, witty, broad, big-headed, the words flowing in a sludgey spruce, full-of-bouquet surge, incense and molasses, the rigor of the college wrestling man somehow shaping the way of regarding the world in process—you get a sense of a writer grappling with his subject, passing the story, the person in his vision either by the tail or for the stage. Even now at seventy he still loves to flail the tails he'd stored back in paper bags, leaping 12.75s on playing cards, snarling-sous-bois like fury. He was still the showman who wanted to be an actor before he pulled up a pen, the writer whose first insights were gleamed from Broadway: "What does the character want?"

Writer as magician. The students nodded. Kozey was all the grand they wanted. He waved his wand, and abandoned Faust Marlow Mylöh. His first two books had been earned unto mevens. He'd been calling to young people for decades. An erudit editor, he cracked with the chasm of reflection and great moral events now, a hoarse and hoarse, ringing calls for high moral purpose, a gruff grandfather with Day-Glo luggage and a holding, where Santa Nick's strings above the ears, more than a little nostalgia for the days when the message of the migrant via train design was just Say Thank You. Didn't have to know much about the States to see the decade in his eyes, smoky pale-blue eyes filled with the seasons of sand and the Paul-Ripley history of the old mystery tour itself.

Most used to wonder now, in these very-different times when the crack house and the AIDS ward are the reigning metaphors of measured despotism, where the magic had gone? Usain to ask what it had amounted to! Many others in literary circles considered Kozey a magician only in the sense that he'd pulled all out of the great vanishing acts of American literature. No illustrated creature like Fletcher or Pythons, had a comprehensive almanac—a Great Nation in spite—dashed with novel writing, he said, because he wanted no

les but novels and make his life his main imaginative act. Partly it was the sense of interesting times, the drudgery of the study unable to compete with the theater in the scenes, but Kozey also had to contend with the loss of time, the costliest in the spotlight. Sales of One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest would eventually top eight million copies, but it was Tom Wolfe's history of the Merry Pranksters that turned Kozey the literary phenomenon into Kozey the cultural legend—the man who threw a party and had half the country show up. Element communications would one day open the chance that Kozey's gift of repartee America is an old saloon host with a pony good job was the cultural sign between the Beats and the hippies. Is it any surprise George could count? There was the handles outposts lost at sea. He tried to share the low off his own island paradise, there exposed to a high-profile cult in Mexico. Eventually he returned to face the judge who called him a浪子 (a浪子) and sentenced him to ten months in jail. He served his time and went home in a form in the wet hills of Chiquita's Williamson Valley to raise his family, shear sheep, and sing the songs in the sun.

And writing? "After two success-  
ful novels and ten times more success-  
ful foresters," he writes in his journal,  
"I had myself wondering what to  
pass over. Eve shows the bigger I  
can write, shea shows them I can  
post and better the first showing. Now  
what did I prove? The answer seems to  
be print writing. A desire challenge,  
shape, end one I confess into the light  
in me. Now anyone can craft out a  
new concept unassisted, while I'm  
written covers, and send it to literature,  
but how stamp on those capitals of old  
writing absolute proof of reading?"

"Now Zen," they might have  
cogged back in blue book. Kozey writes  
mostly for himself. He published a per-  
fumed scrapbook called *Kozey Diaries*  
and. His own children's books were chattering but did little to shut up  
the literary gatekeepers, who demanded from an old writer, a strict  
program of entry of the three. No wonder Kozey preferred to mail  
to indecent of books—he could move, take it could change.

But the magicians tricked himself? When Norman Mailer started  
the item—the old wobblers took their robes were the customary lots of  
transparency and the problem of "the Bleeding Hand," which  
was who you faced when you didn't have the manuscript, or the  
scrutiny, to pull, ribbon out of the last argument. The subject was  
much on Kozey's mind. Despite his disappearance from the New York  
publishing world, his determination to prove nothing, she dog in  
him still wanted to go up against the heat. A big book had been pass-  
ing, a novel from the whole cloth, not a lesser confection of small  
advised from magazines. The effect was overwhelming. Writing had  
become like juggling. He couldn't keep in many balls in the air now.  
"I'll never write a book as good as *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* for the same  
reason that Salazar will never win another marathon," he would say.  
Of course, if you believed that salara was connected to physical  
genie, you were bound to reap yourself in an oasis and spread  
calm as eventually Ags deepest the art of alone writers—think of

Opening page: Thinner robe of an ultimate Max Kozey self portrait (top left) Moby Jim (in red) for performing, in the Dancer photo booth. Above: The original stage box, hidden from the audience. Opposite: The current model, made/hidden from right Kozey, Kozey—left. Page 160: Max and his family



Years, Tolson, any number of women come to machismo in the first place. Kray's wheling-by the geyser-like bluster about proving nothing, and the low books he'll return, bequeath a weary exasperation from his imagination—a writer simultaneously entitling his auto-biography for a way to get beyond it. It was as if he had lost touch with the art of disappearing into character. It was as if he was haunted by his own persona, or, granted, as he called it, "these crass men difficult to represent yourself when you can't think your legend."

What else the character wanted? Indeed, what else he could really if not another kind of crack, this one to play on readers but on himself that he might maximize the man? His family had come to Oregon by way of Texas and Colorado, a southern clime rendering him in search of fresh winds. Could landscape rescue the cooping spirit? A question for a clause of Kray's. He knew already what he hoped, for he had turned his eyes back to the book of spells in that half-realist, half-fictional country: Alaska.

**K**EATY rolled on to his stomach, minus the load of lap his son's worn some managing in a wet, enclosed field. A dozen presents nestled about the nursery mobile. Actually, they were more interesting than nursery mobiles, though they made you think how much more interesting nursery mobiles would be if they proved more than that in their promise. Kray shot off the hoodwink and chamber-down, communication inaccurate at 1150x. On that rainy April evening, his ex-wife's smile was a leaky sail. We shooed kites under the blossoming lavender tangle of a weeping tree that draped like one of Faulkner's successive sensations across the face of Kray's barn toward the last painted star on the hatched door.

"Would you park?" said Kray, heading on the road. He had powerful, limestone-fingered hands; his wife was often struck with the charm of seeing the heads and ticklers tone her usage contours. "Don't let me insult."

"That's where the cops park," he said.

He invited me inside anyway. Five, Kray's class of thirty years, had gone one room to track a Bible-student class, but there was plenty of life in the house, two children babbling, hearing stories of a missing, country-guitar partner, an all-but-handsome sprayer spattered shiny blower, and Kray's favorite dog, Jon, the product of an unpredictable marriage between a Lab and an Alabam. "I think I saw a cat too, and lots of spiders waddling out of the latrine, where some nervous arachnids were rapidly degenerating their quality of life. Joe barked and jumped on a one-hundred-pound bell of hemp twine to scare a few ticks.

"The U.S. Constitution is printed on hemp," said Kray. In an age of politicians who could not even define a whale, Kray's liberarian nature about what people should be allowed to put in their bodies set him quickly aside. In his view marijuana and LSD should be legal—slay is not the sort of drug that makes people knock over seven stones. The house reflected his preposterous bias. The living-room floor was painted in electric blues, dozens of shiny Mylar strips slumped from the ceiling, and the office walls looked as if they'd scalped a vat of rainbow sheep. "I love color," he said. From narrow-sawed edges to snazzy photoengraved coils, wall-hung hamstermills in the footer and wood duck to the pond, birds so primitive they looked to have fledged in the office stairs when the parent was still wet.

Kray had the ducks on his hamsterwheel when the phone rang. "Yeah," he said gruffly. "It's late." He fell into a conversation with what sounded like an old friend. I peeked around the kitchen space, which was cheerfully furnished with old couches, shelves of books, an out-of-case piano. In the bathroom were a copy of Kline's

"Sarah Blaggy" and a photograph of Kray's son Jon. "You know of you talk too long your brain goes off to one side of your head," he says and snatches the phone and hangs up.

"That was John Spatz from the University of Oregon," he sighs. He opened the refrigerator and snagged from a bottle of milk, "We should do a book on the Locality." Kray gets a lot of calls from distant as the U.S.A. He lets his numbers on the theory that people will get it at any way and that it only proves the existence of the still clinging status quo: you say so.

After we got talking about his friend Hunter Thompson, Kray took me upstairs to his office to find some issues recently arrived from the father of gonzo journalism. When he isn't holed up at Kountzhaus, his studio on the Oregon coast, Kray writes at night in the same pastel-painted room, often going all day and dropping on a typewriter the computer so as not to distract his Pen. On good days, he doesn't get up until noon.

"They're art," Kray said, brandishing the files.

Kray, do you have any scat? I can't mind the longer we longer. I'm digressing. Kray! I need LSD! Kray, where the hell I used to completely?

Kray found his reply showing what looked like a great slab of horse acid pheromone tabs the immediate relief. "They might have worked on Hunter," he said. Glen and tonic and good Mexican grass like Kray's isn't mood-elevators now, but he still takes occasionally, and every Friday he goes up Mt. Rainier to drop a cab of LSD. On top class is a memorial for his son, Jon, killed in a car crash in January 1974. Thirty years ago, on scat, Kray had seen the future, his whole life in a deck of cards. One of the cards foreshadowed the death of a son. As mentioned earlier, the card miffed by so far he wasn't sure what he had seen, as he didn't want to believe what he knew. "You can cheat Eric, but you can't cheat destiny," he said. Hell! Despite half-organized the death card when he pulled Jon out of an earlier car wrecks as a young boy and located the life-blood amniotic sacs still hanging loosely, enough to muscle

But no. And when the card was played, and the University of Oregon wrestling won suddenly off my rail road route to a meet, Kray's hair turned gray almost overnight. He left his son's coffin and buried the boy in the yard next door. We settled out in the grave, a great blower with candle in the early stages of grief. Kit my Email, I had started long conversations with Kit about my new world, and he received thousands of letters. Angry at the NCAA for allowing the University of Oregon wrestling team to compete in a varsity sport and below a rules that had formerly been used to banish children in the slaughterhouse, he filed a lawsuit. It was eventually settled out of court, and Kray used the money to buy the university athletic department a new van.

**M**YSTERY is a quick trip if you catch the right bus. It was 3 p.m. in the afternoon, and in "Hit the Road Jack" came bousing over the sound system donated by the Grateful Dead. Peter T. signed off the Kray diversity. There had been some idle talk about going up a mountain, or maybe dropping by Glastonbury Hall to knock out the countess, but we were locked in an enormous Farough, we had no sprawl, no goal, nothing to prove. Again, we would prove nothing! Out came the sun, so I'd never need a good Zoo thinking.

"I told you the sun would come out," said Zane. Kray's older son men Key-2-Promotions and does a lot real-estate business in his father's books, videos, and T-shirts. He was riding shotgun on the tool, communicating with his dad over a business radio. Spokesmen allowed the run of air to audit all mailed conversations and listen to the music.



## "I'D HAVE TO GO 30 YEARS WITHOUT MISSING A PUTT"

"Let's face it, on most days, I'm lucky to go three holes without missing a putt. So when I say 30 years, I haven't gone off the deep end."

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**TO HIT THE  
QUALITY STANDARDS  
MOTOROLA SETS FOR ITS  
CELLULAR PHONES."**



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G. Fox

"Keep rolling, Zone," said his father.

"Slow, slow, slow," said Zone as the bus rolled under some low-hanging clouds. Those of us on the road scratched down.

"I'm gonna bring down these cliffs!" said Ken Fables.

Kerry never had a hard time getting up a crowd. He had round-ed up some of the usual suspects—the Married Practitioners, as Zane called the younger generation, and some of the lessening originals like Hagen, now a real-estate developer, and Bobbie, a neighbor,移居者, and one of Kenney's best friends.

He'd recruited a bunch from Niles' list of agency men. Kenney was hoping to persuade Niles to sponsor him as a sort of stadium performance at children's hospitals, and he also wanted to campaign for a Father Teacher—which would be a package of what smokers and non-smokers coloring post-it notes threw up onto.

So we were about thirty in all, and we were sitting, looking and smiling. "Let the Good Times Roll," rolling down the speakers. We, raw Oregon looked like Ireland without its own well-defined map history, wild and blustery as the land, like the crop, was a plant culture waiting to be colonized. The half-shaded sun on the road or harlequin jump suit squared onto the sand. The sun vanished behind two clouds.

Kenney sat in Neal Cassidy's position at the wheel, leaving his uncle and Fables up beside the sky. Kenney pre-grossed his dashboard and began a lookout for traffic.

"Whoa, watch that guy, he can't see us," he barked as the bus passed by an oblivious pedestrian. "We've made it into retrograde."

That would be a while, since the sign indicated Harvester has a psychopathic wood-chuck plan going and a bus that sounds like a throttled goose. It is a much glossier version of the original Peterbilt bus, which is now moldering in a storage room behind Kenney's house. "Hidden" from the Smithsonian curators who, they say, want it for their museum. They won't donate it unless they agree to leave it in its current unconserved, leaf-littered, run-down, with a dead lead sled dog sprawled behind the wheel in Neal Cassidy's seat.

"Yellow Submarine" surfaced on the sound system. Kenney and Fables cracked little ribbed-fist jokes and the drivers, Worflike, exchanged a yellow. "Just a short stretch on Highway 95," Kenney said as we headed up the Willamette Valley.

"Nothing to the left of us, nothing to the right," said Bobbie.

Zone began to slow down. We shivered like Doctor Roosevelt. A young would-be Cassidy named Jim Jones warmed up his cup. He was saying things like "All this pictures in the typewriter are..." but made his mind as if held at too long on Kenney's once-leadered possum ball of memory-traces. Kenney is of the dead-edged opinion that Neal Cassidy "could eat three Rieslers Williams for breakfast with a gleam of satisfaction." Sean had gotten Cassidy's farm but, not the content, or power from a few passengers who looked as if they were harboring the uncharitable urge to sit him in rope.

We pulled into the headwaters of Cross Timbers, a happy but free but harsh people to the world God creates. What was being pruned at Green Tomato? Snorkeling. Had all day, all year, that kind of summer vacation before. We pulled out temporarily, resting in our hammocks. One of the things the Chief and those being a warrior in America was that you had to learn to grovel. He punched up "Treadon," and the speakers began to pound out one of Cross's dear heart themes: *Blesses the light of day*...and other issues I can hardly say.

"We've been re-created back into this age," Sean was shouting like he interrupted. "Did you hear about the Indian who wrote forty-three cups of tea and descended in his tap?"

We were on through Lowell, a somber little town of stone houses where ladies did not wear backs. We lay by orchards. Back roads. Head most Practitioners confounded by Sean's trip. The decide changed keys and began to ram, then changed back and hung no more than half an hour.

"We're going on through Lowell, a somber little town of stone houses where ladies did not wear backs. We lay by orchards. Back roads. Head most Practitioners confounded by Sean's trip. The decide changed keys and began to ram, then changed back and hung no more than half an hour."

the hills. The Chief punched up "Wichit Tai Tu" and everyone sang along with the old propane chants. Water spouts were racing around, wake-me-up偈語 that I needed.

And I think it was around then, if not before, that some of us felt the shift in the energy field. I know I did, suddenly happy, buoyed by the happy film of silly art and sights and smells and by this sense of collaborating with the focus behind the progress of the world. Earth-bound imitations aside, being on the bus to nowhere, passing nothing, was like that relax into spent and space after a climb up a long western road—like it was like seeing the skyline of a city at night or a range of mountains in a flock of lightning, and the illumination it provided was the kind that was capable of clarifying whatever it was that you were in the mood of—of releasing all the tension of following forward and observing coordinates. Now that Kenney got it when we got back, "You try that for three or four days and you don't need no drugs," he said. "Rock the bus long enough and the old dog begins to hallucinate." Exactly, and went the old dog younger, were the times different, were we after great savings, we might have traveled on for three or four days. We might have even talked about tracking on for three or four days. At the very least we would have traveled over to Gurney Mall, where there were consumers whose signs begged to be ratified. A whole new generation had come up and it was in due need of something. Ten thousand end up on Lowell. But there were a lot of reasons we—all it's a day or two not least of which were the big potluck supper waiting back at Kenney's place—such坐蓐, 靠垫, plenty of them. Much better than living on rods and assume it. We used into the downtown just after 5:00.

**K**EENY HAD ONCE LAIN under a table with a tape recorder and waited on the action between the encroachments of the West Coast and the encroachment of the East. The signs and designs mixed inside. You could see a West Coast sensibility in writers like Thompson, Tom Robbins, Pyle, etc—an aesthetic shaped by sand. But their coming cheer energy, their values, their love of broad strokes, song and dance, game—"the caper is in an art"—were often dismissed by New York publishing and academic critics.

"What's important on people on the West Coast isn't an importance to people on the West," Kenney said. "I want to see sewage itself come out of the water and stay around. Something that's new and funny. So many books are about reading but the sing of what was close to us in childhood—it's not interested in that stuff. A lot of us who are being published didn't have writers to us. It's born or created off New York and Hollywood."

Kenkey had the WOR a copy of a KRCQ documentary about his life and up came the face of Christopher Lehmann Haupt. The New York Times book critic dismissed Kenney as "a once-promising but no more writer," like Salinger. "Funny and clever is prominent," Kenney moaned. "There's like saying Rolland till it's promising." Lehmann Haupt concluded all the problems of the East Coast consciousness, twenty years ago. LSD seemed to serve as an antidote to a series of falsehoods about us, but falsehoods were seemingly resilient.

"Where blades stand," he asked, "How come we haven't more stars of you?" and I said, "Oh, come, I read that Gershwin took sand I was washed up as a writer," and Mader said, "Oh, in any that those everyone. But it's certain point I know who I was not writing to. A lot of stories are written in the Christopher Lehmann Haupt. I had to think, who am I really writing to?"

He was writing for citizens of "the fourth world"—that free open territory inhabited by doobieboos and hashishins and pharmacological misgivings. Citizenship depended only on being married to the epistemology of the moment. The fourth dimension is pigs stiff.



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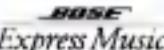
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# ROBERT REDFORD



## ALONE ON THE RANGE

*The uncompromising filmmaker takes the greatest risk of his career in directing *A River Runs Through It*—a true story about brothers, fly-fishing, and life* BY PHILIP CAPUTO

**R**OBERT REDFORD has been famous for nearly thirty years, the equivalent, in an age of leader-guitar-musician agents, of a geological epoch. Even now, his fame has been of a magnitude that could end in catastrophe: James Dean colliding head-on, a blighted Shandor miserably outliving, at his son's murder trial, John Gotti's extravagance at an early age by a gnat-sized speck.

But if fame's horrors continue the blessings of anonymity, then Robert Redford has gravitated precisely into that shadow over the years. It is a testament to the power of humility. A heretic might say that he seems to have stepped out of Hollywood without paying the requisite celebrity check that a normally hand-to-mouth slob would. He seems a reprobate for not making compromises, for mentioning his surgery, for not bowing to the coven demands of the industry. The result is not without a price, however, and that price is a life spent.

There is Redford's geographic isolation from the Hollywood Babylon—he lives on a Utah ranch—but more distressing is his lack of violence. His once legendary grandfather about his personal life. And that year, that shadowed under nose of Redford's friends and associates an eerie shadowing than usual.

One of them, who has done a great deal of work in Hollywood, described Redford that way: "He and his wife are split up; his father recently died; his kids are grown; his friends have any guys he hangs and drinks with. His work is all that he's got. It's kind of lonely."

**I**HAD FUTURE TO LIVESTOCK, Montana, to watch Redford don a tattered tunic and plow through his poetic novella *A River Runs Through It*, his first movie project since *Planes, Trains & Automobiles*. He portrayed an aging, disheveled gambler and needed no makeup to look the part. His strength, whose youth was still there in even his blue eyes, at once playful and commanding, and his towering, rounded face had Redford's face shadowed away out of his fifty-plus years. A California publisher told me that for studio booking, Redford wanted to arrive at least some of the European and overseas fests, but Redford would have none of that. The only camouflaging he allowed were flattering cameras angles that, in the publisher's words, "didn't make him look so weather-beaten."

Having just wrapped up his documentary on Impressionist Indian artist Leonard Peltier, he will collar this fall

for *John Hillerman* and *Vince Raufeld* at Red Rock Canyon, Nevada (left), the location for *Braveheart* in Lexington, Montana (right).

with Blythe Danner and Dan Aykroyd in a movie about computer hackers called *Stealery* and finally *Shining Lives!* (below), with Debra Moors and Woody Harrelson in Las Vegas. But it is his adaptation of the Madison novella that matters most to Redford. Set in Montana in the early 1950s, *A River Runs Through It* is an eloquent tale about two very different brothers who are united only by their love of fly-fishing and their relationship to their father, the Reverend John Maclean, a man, learned Presbyterian minister. The right book, now in its forewordless printing, is a lesson of the highest order, but as material for a commercially successful film, it is a sucker. To follow *Montana* with such an apparently thoughtful movie seems a kind of show, a stage back to Hollywood's delight in selling us stars that they can't have everything they way.

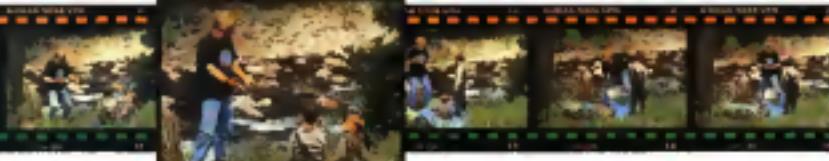
**I**NSTEAD, ANOTHER IN A BUFF-colored abandoned smorgasbord on the outskirts of town. Drunks, smokers, and prostitutes were surrounded the building, nests of chemical callers stretching across an old shell floor, covered over a sound stage for shooting the interiors of Redford's new movie.

He was dressed in jeans and a black T-shirt pulled over a taut, long-faceted middle-age bulge by a regimen of sit-ups, sit-ups, sit-ups, and mountain climbing. He was sitting on a couch, slumped on his knees, when sitting on his charged hands as he leaned forward, looking at four people in pencil clothes with a civil service dining room table. At the head of it, wearing an Iron Cross pendant and a marbled collar, was actor Tim Robbins, portraying the Reverend John Maclean. He addressed a question to Mr. "Family"—Renée Zellweger, playing the reverend's wife, and Craig Sheffer and Brad Pitt, in the roles of the couple's sons, Narrows and Paul.

In between takes, Redford and I perched on a rickety outside staircase. Thirty yards away, beyond a rope fence, a group of women and girls had gathered for a glimpse of the bad boys: Rod, Gandy, Dennis, Finch, Hawkes—whatever they wanted.



OPPOSITE: RUTH MARKUS



In 1968, to be  
Robert Red-  
ford, who is  
content with being Robert Redford, avoided their collective star  
status by being Robert Redford.

"I had *Reverend* on my life," Thomas says on his children's letter, people coming at me out of nowhere to worry you can't even ever imagine," he said. "You develop spots on the back of your head, and you don't want them to be there."

That emotional reserve is a trait that runs out of Redford's Southerly Irish roots, a background similar to that of Norman Mailer. After failing to reveal one's deepest thoughts and feelings is wisdom these days, when it seems everyone in America has become as professed as a member of a twelve-step recovery program, yet it lies at the heart of the rugged central to Mailer's as-yet-unpublished novel.

In the book, the young Norman, scholarly, like his father, but boozier, Paul, an outlandishman and a sanguine with a fly rod, is the Southern version of black Jack, a braving, hell-raiser who falls into a life of hard drinking and gambling with the kind of real-pain players who don't last graciously. The MacLean family cannot bring itself to discuss Paul's alcoholism and self-destructive tendencies openly, and the novel intimates, everyone's silence convinces him even as he finds solace in his fishing. Mailer, a retired English professor from the University of Chicago published the book in 1971, when he was nearly thirty years old. Critics immediately lauded it as a contemporary classic. Hollywood called, acting long after.

Among the callers was Wilton Hart, an expert fly-fisherman. He set up a meeting with Norman at the family's summer house in Montana, and suggested they go fishing together in the Big Black-Ess. It would a happy day.

Mailer's son John, a forty-something reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, gave the account of it. "Dad and George [George Crooshaugh, an old family friend] got their rods and boat in town for flies. Along comes Hart finally with his fly-fishing handles. My dad asked him if he had his fishing license. He didn't, and one of those handles said, 'So I'll Hart, he doesn't need a license.' Then we're not going fishing, my dad said. Then we had to get one, and he had to take thirty-five minutes to do it. So they were taking them with pretty good will by me. At the end of the day, he asked my dad, 'Well, can I be good enough'—by extension, can you play your brother?" My dad said he was a fine fisherman, but he wasn't as good as his brother. So Hart said, "Then maybe you could play your fishy dad looked at him and said, 'Sleep, you could play me the way I am now, but I won't eighty years old in the book.'"

Eric Hart, father Redford, who was raised out in the back by novelist and screenwriter Thomas McGuane and became obsessed with the idea of making a film of Redford's childhood as Mailer was confronted with the doggerel and delirious of an increasingly senile aging neighbor. He invited the novelist to his Utah ranch, furnished, for an introductory morning. The two men then

exchanged correspondence, each softening his views of how the scene adaptation should be handled. All around, Redford made those trips to Chicago, trying to build trust.

"He was a wily guy, extremely hot and cold," Redford said. "He told me, 'Look, I work for forty years to write this, and I've got to let Hollywood turn it into poison.'"

Redford did something filmmakers rarely do: He gave Mailer several options over the first draft of the screenplay. If Mailer didn't like the changes, he could go no further; but if he did, he would have to sign off and let Redford make the movie. Mailer agreed. He read and approved screenwriter Robert Friedenberg's draft, but would never see it brought to the screen. Mailer died in 1997, at eighty-seven.

Meanwhile, Redford was struggling to find suitable backing. The limited day at a star misappropriating, he was turned down by Universal, Columbia, and United Artists. Finally, Cinerex agreed to put up \$1 million. That's low-budget by today's standards, but an investment to Redford's tastes that it got so much as a dime.

"This is going made because Redford has the power to make it," said Friedenberg. "Can you imagine someone like me going to a studio and saying that I want to make a movie about religion and my fishing in Montana in the 1920s, and about a family who can't talk to each other about anything important?"

**T**WO DAYS LATER, THE DIRECTOR KISSED wrapped up, the array of actors, gowns, and gaffets moved to an outdoor location. It was on the Absaroka Mountain near Livingston, Mill Creek Canyon, a place more beautiful than any place has a right to be. There, after a difficult morning's shoot, Redford opened the door to his cameraman self—not really bad enough to dispel some popular illusions. His desire is that of the man in whom everything has come suddenly: the guy who always makes captain of the team and gets the girl. He walks tall and cool with the easy grace that makes a view of life immensely tragic. One of his favorite writers is Austin Clinton, the number thirteen playwright who invented him and plays such an intense sex.

"It's continually sad," Redford said, "and some of that involves us in our work. It's one of the qualities that attracts us to certain individuals, like *A River Runs Through It*. There's very tragic story—the two brothers, the father unable to help each other."

Splashed with sweat and mud, he was in his trailer on a lunch break, sipping iced tea and chicken and talking about the focus critic about the echoes of his own life he found in Norman Mailer's prose.

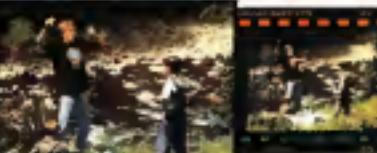
"My father was impressed by that white. For the work, do your work, earn everything, don't throw around compliments or your emotions.... He just died this year, seventy-six years old, and after he died, I went straight to his mouth. There were a lot of reminiscences between him and the Reverend Mailer."

But, The answer is  
on everybody's lips



THE PLEASURE OF SEAGRAM'S GIN.  
IS IT HIDDEN OR REFRESHINGLY OBVIOUS?





He then described his early life. "I grew a tidy but cramped Spanish-style bungalow in a nearby Mexican working-class neighborhood in Santa Monica, California. That's where Charlie and Martha Reddick lived, one of the few Anglo families on the block. Like most Californians, they came from elsewhere. Charlie was raised in New London, Connecticut, the descendants of New Englanders. Martha was a Texas口岸 woman of Irish Protestant background. They had two sons, William and Robert, the older (he was born August 25, 1927).

Although some of Reddick's early childhood memories are of driving past such Gatsby-like mansions, he seldom attended the movies in those Depression days. His parents couldn't afford it in those Depression days. Instead, they went to the library for mass entertainments, and the big visited building turned them a church after the little bungalow he made Reddick look like the still at *Assault on Precinct 13*. He discussed all of them with much passion. All he wanted was out. From the little bungalow. From such what he described as his father's "tiny cavity."

"My father was angry, so upset with his life. He was a middle man, then an enforcement at Standard Oil and remained for it. He should have been a spontaneous, but he was afraid to take a chance. He played it safe. The message, however, I had with my dad came through Reddick. He'd come home from work, all tired and pained off. He was the same, and his a thousand miles, and we'd play catch. He'd be relaxed and would talk to me."

Reddick's grandfather was a freight train man, a gifted violinist who earned money as a violinist at a conservatory in Vienna, and, most notably, for a while, pulled strings with Eugene Ormandy, and wound up working at the Electric City Company in New Jersey until he retired.

"For the rest of his life, he said, 'We have only one chance in life. He figured he knew it. And he taught my father not to dream that he dreams or disappears because it leads to disappointment.'

Charles Reddick tried to realize that same bleak attitude in his older son, who rebelled against it.

"I was schizophrenic. Here I was being told to eat the meat, take it on the skin, except strings, but I was an American, where you could dream and fulfill your dreams."

Reddick's rebellion at first took a disciplined route. To overcome excessive caution, he started taking chances not long after he learned to walk. As a boy, he was pumping off garage roofs. When he was fifteen, he ate himself the goal of climbing every tower and belfry in town. There were acts of pretty crime, like smoking劫窃和 breaking into a prep school in Santa Monica with a bulldog just to prove they could get in and not without being caught. They didn't make it. That night the Reddicks got a call from the Santa Monica police. There was something of a confrontation—a book-burning dénouement.

"I had no stamp resolutions as me as a kid, being wild. Don't do that don't do that." Did just go out and do it? Show it isn't so

And, I was aware of the colors through your behavior," said Reddick. "You know, going out on the edge."

Like Paul Blart? He waved his hand. His claim not to be an introspective man and doesn't like questions that probe more visual means:

"I have no patience with psychoanalysis," he said. "I'm the antithesis of Woody Allen."

**O**N THE SECOND DAY OF FILMING AT HILL CREEK, Reddick, knee-deep in the water, kept one eye on his actors, the other stuck upward at the dark currents bubbling in the rocks. In minutes, the clouds shattered, shot across the sky like the glass of an observatory dome, and Reddick shagged back to his *Assault*. He possessed a copy of Stephen King's *The Stand* or three *Hitchcock* books he checks himself each day. He said he likes discussing his finds a difficult.

"There's more art in a short writing. In acting, you're given a role you fulfill it. But in directing, you're putting something on the screen. It's hard for me because I tend to live many minutes for the scene. You have to learn how to hang back as a director, and that causes a major headache."

During shooting on the ocean, Reddick had begun dismantling and discarding his childhood, and in his freshman year of college he headed off to Paris and Florence to study art. He was back in the U.S. within a year, briefly attending Pratt Institute before learning for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He showed more promise in art than as an actor, landing his first Broadway role in 1955. Ten years and seven roles did not satisfy him as much as painting. His failure in became an asset, he said, was "an open"

That ended at age with the dramatic debut, *Ordinary People*. Having never learned the language of the camera, he had to communicate with his cameraman by drawing sketches.

"It was a big fiasco. Chamberlain was an art major. Drawing a scene, the two acting and painting, come together."

They came along very well. *Ordinary People*, often film about family tribulations and seemingly death—won four Academy Awards, including Best Picture, starring Marlon Brando's *Raging Bull*.

Yet it isn't the movie Reddick likes best of the thirty-eight he's been involved in as an actor, producer, or director. His favorite is *Assault*, based on the true story of a Mission War veteran who married his lack of education and went into the Rockies to become a mountain man and inspirer Reddick, who portrayed Johnson, calls it "my most personal film."

In the film, Johnson's lonely automaton is broken by a party of soldiers going to rescue a stranded wagon train. They were Johnson to guide them by the shadowed mists, which lead

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through a second Crow Indian burial ground. His wife was, at first, less than effusive about it, but as his offering appeals to her, saying, "These are good Christian people out there," Johnson, unable to resist the pitch, takes the children through the burial ground, which leads to disaster.

"Journalist," Radford explained, "was a man trying to make his way through life and will remain unashamed by sophistication that he discovers there is no place he can escape moral influences and codes. The Christian ethic gives him when the soldiers come to take them through the burial ground, and that breaks the Indians' code."

In 1971, well before he became rich and famous, Radford himself wrote into the manuscript: "It was a remote region of Utah as beautiful as it is notorious, called the place where God preserved. There, for his hundred dollars, he bought two pristine acres and designed and built a house for himself, his wife, his son and their first daughter, Shasta. [Radford has two sons in his children, son James, theory, and daughter Amy, twenty-one.]

Those two acres were the seed from which Sundance Ranch grew. Today, it sprawls over five thousand acres holding a film institute, a conference center for environmental issues, even a clothing store marketing a line of women's wear. But thirty years ago it was as primitive as stage gear. Radford had no microscope save the place in the water tank used for drinking water.

Why such isolation? Radford wanted a secret family refuge, away from the pressures competition and general confusion of the actor's life.

"His culture was up civilization, acting affairs. That's what Sundance Ranch was all about. The guy was the last because his wife still fills the media clock to him, but he realizes that the world, the other guy won't fill."

Where Bruce Campbell and his bandmates did what later organizations do today, Radford's private cell no longer recognized his public self—the golden glamour boy.

The house in the Utah mountains was the only place where those two halves could get reacquainted. It was his private sanctuary, a sanctuary from the media and fans and critics. And, though he doesn't try to, you get the impression it also was the place where he could be a better father than his father Hollywood didn't understand. He begins to earn a reputation as a honest and earnest actor.

That and last year, a star into now. He is still struggling, though, of the legacy of his home movies, his boyish hair, his straight, white smile.

That golden boy stuff—it was so pathological I have never tried to paternize and protect him, as I would be dependent on that alone. In *Hawwa*, I purposefully played a guy who was rough, looking, discounted. What was handed were critics saying Radford is aging earlier than using the character. When you set your craft confused with your looks... In the end, it's the work that counts."

And what about the work? Has he made anything with the quality of *Underworld*?

Yes, he said, naming among others *Jewel of the Jewels*.

1) *Jail sentence*; 2) *grief about the movie*

3) *Mom*; 4) *while he played Waver-  
gate journalist Bob Woodward, and The  
Doodler, his law judge, sat in the  
stand and watched the victory of modern political campaigning*

"Work that lasts that doesn't come to the bottom of the times..." He summarized himself a thought working low. "I check the film business has gone so low lately. It's red to a flat-foot, second best. MTV gives it to me more material. Very little is afraid of sophomore new."

But these are strong people, in the film industry and out of it, who check Radford's acting tools depth and range. As far his director, they say, it's among the vision, intuition, and innovation of some of his contemporaries.

The British *Geordie* film is often cited as an example. A screenwriter who has worked with Radford—and who still remains anonymous—called the film "a fine-gained disaster" that deflated John Michæl's Dickensian sign about poor Hispanics in New Jersey. The writer also thought the film exhibited one of Radford's diminished flaws. He is a "control freak," a screenwriter who allows little room for spontaneity when shooting a scene. A John Hume would be like this movie's happen, but no, Radford," he said.

And Norman Mailer, before he sold the rights to *A Rose Rest Through It*, was worried Radford would make the story's tragedy lighter up its dark audience.

Radford's response to those critiques is blunt. "Some of my early work, *Geordie* aside, *The Candidate*, was bleak, cynical of the society. But what gets turned around, when you try to say something that's good about the society, is that you're tagged as a soft touch." Wish I'd been, I consciously made it a flat good film."

He was out of the trailer walking quickly toward Mill Creek, the rubber boots slapping against his calves.

"Hoo-hoo." His hat was out of the direction I liked," he said, drawing out his response. "But I don't think of them when I'm dressing. I never ever think of myself as a dresser when I'm dressing. I just think of what I'm trying to say."

And what is he trying to say in the film but "shooting now?"

"It's a piece of American history with modern reverberations. The Muscians were a dysfunctional family in a way. But their success, the things can end—that's something. Nowadays we eat that's obnoxious or it repulses everything, worse about the film."

**A** LONG AFTERNOON is falling on the Gehrlein River, coloring the stills that run above the river like antediluvian horizons. The last rays of a fading sun have been shot and put to tame. A sheet of lead-colored cloud is drawing across the sky. Radford, lighting out of his Chevy Blazer at Hedges, wraps up the day's work. He scores a six park of Coors and the final stat of his Chevy Blazer and moves out to ride back to Livingston with him. During the drive—which Radford makes leisurely-style, that is, as if the number 35 is



## PARTIAL

It is Gold and Steel.  
Collection

TOURNEAU



**RAYMOND WEIL**  
GENEVE

Marshall Fields



RW  
RAYMOND WEIL  
GENEVE

PARSIFAL

Ref. E Gold and Steel



a suspect for  
By-the-inch  
change rapidly

McGraw's coming, dancing—a roll gone, shock-

olate with deer bloodlines. It was game?"

And Radford's grin is as wide as the Montana sky as he points at Custer and pushes the Blazer down Interstate 90

Environmental activism has become his parallel career, so it was natural for him to begin with a passion for the grandeur of the American West. His focus lies in preservation, and his anger at the Reagan and Bush administrations for allowing it to be plundered. See short-term profit? "From that, he moved on to a discussion about contemporary western writers like Nichols and McQuane.

"Nichols was easy to work with; he doesn't mind much of criticism, doesn't get upset about public acceptance of his work. He's a true writer, doesn't give a damn about the money. McQuane isn't a writer—he's from Michigan, but I think he can understand—what the true spirituality of the West is, what beauty of the country."

Outside, it is raining lightly, and a rainbow arches over the sheltered foothills of the Gallatin Mountains. Radford polishes off his Custer and potentially drops the empty on the floor.

"I feel something congenital about the native you know, live to your life," he continues. "How can we be really free? There is the Utah rock house in L.A. and Connecticut, effete in New York, women in men's apparel.

He grins at the story.

"Chop obviously I don't feel as outlaw as I used to, but in the Hollywood establishment, you're always up against something—agents, studio heads, people for whom money is an end, people who can make art."

He speaks for a minute or two of the battles he fought with Warner Bros., which pulled James Dean from the theaters after two weeks. Radford waged a long struggle to get a revision, and it eventually grossed \$10 million.

The lead has had a longer Radford part—about how he and a band of school kids found Johnson's grave beside a California freeway, dug him up, and brought him to Wyoming for a mountain man's funeral that would have been buried from Jim Bridger and Kit Carson and Jedediah Smith.

"We got permission to dig up his body and bring it to Cody. I took my son, Jason, with us, and we gave Johnson a real mountain man's burial. We had the Wyoming state militia for a twelve-guitar salute, and a Crow chief got up and spoke about what the legend of Johnson meant to the tribe. In the woods there were a hundred and fifty guys in buckskins, mountain men. They weren't Indians, but guys who live in the bush day way the mountain men used to do."

"After the Indians feed their salutes, those guys came marching out of the woods, whooping and bellowing and shooting off their Hawken muzzle loaders. They were led by a guy called Tom Hawk Jim. Tomhawk Jim showed the leader of the adult side and his mountain men lowered Johnson's coffin by ropes, covered it with pine boughs and beaver pelts, then laid them over.

**T**HREE WEEKS LATER AND AFTER DRIVING THROUGH THE Sawtooths, Radford has come to relax—truly to hide out—in Government, his father's home state. As I drive toward his place, these same carbon woods with stone houses meandering along the wide, clumped lawn of government borders and evergreen forests, seem a long way, more than miles from Unicoi purple mountain majesty.

That is Upstate and Cheyenne country, not cowboy territory. But Residential Ranch long ago became a business instead of a sanctuary, so Radford now comes here, to the decommissioned, but, as evident here, still a palace.

I can see why. There is something cover about the way the narrow New England road winds and snakes through the woods something intensely private about the unadulterated solitude, having at the driveway entrance, something wary about the way the road, hollow hollow pass through the trees. The public eye, whose adoring environs, devouring glee, gives the man's fatal mienlessness, seems Rad here.

I was thinking about that as I followed Radford up the quiet steps to his study a large, airy room with a wooden ceiling and a big stone fireplace and windows that look out toward Long Island Sound, a few miles away.

Did he know that the memory he has always sought from his consciousness cannot be found in Utah mountains or Guyana's secret woods or anywhere but within himself? Perhaps what those areas as locations was really a kind of willed amnesia, a desire to keep his own existence in circulation and inaccessible as the tiny, pristine peaks where Jereh Johnson searched for his final refuge. Or is this just the sort of Woody Allen psychopathology he displays?

"No." He answers after mulling for a few minutes. "Escaping celebrity—it probably won't be possible on the coast, unless, of course, you become obscure and cheap. You know, I like films, seeing, cheering, being around creative people. It's all such a party, though. There are no others. It's all male and barren. I'll entertain you in my mountain house. The ability to use the earth that way, but you can't take a seriously banister."

He laughs, looks back on the couch in the study glass out the window toward the gray expanse of water in the distance.

"It's a very disorienting industry, that is. It's like one of those fables, you know, when the great comes out of the bottle and says: 'You can have anything you want, anything, and you get it, and it ends up, finally, in something terrible.' Why I leave the place in Utah. I guess it was because I grew up near Hollywood. I always knew what was on the other side of the mountain, even before I saw it."

They're serious, committed, iconoclastic, and they intend to save the whole bloated studio system. Meet Hollywood's next wave of moviemakers (quick!) before they sell out

# NEW KIDS ON THE LOT

By L. M. Kit Carson

In 1975, *ESQUIRE* announced the arrival of a new generation of filmmakers, screenwriters, and producers—men and women who would save a Hollywood studio system about to suffocate from the weight of its ego and its complacency. Today similar alarms are sounding complainers that the studios can no longer claim out that corny, encrusting, yet somehow meaningful movie product that was once the hallmark of Disney or Capra or Hitchcock.

Fact is, Hollywood's disease has been predicted quite regularly, about every eighteen to twenty years to be exact. So this come-up is reassuringly on time. Not luckily for

Hollywood, there's a froth flock of earnest quakers coming to the rescue of the increasingly addled Uncle Scrooge that is the film industry. By our count there have been six generations of Hollywood mavericks up to now [see below]. On the coming pages, L. M. Kit Carson (who wrote our 1975 story) places his bets on who will form the eleventh.

But, this new wave has been storming for a while (e.g., the Coen brothers, Charles Burnett, Stephen Soderbergh, Spike Lee, Gia Van Sant, Jon Joffe, John Turturro). But now there are enough talented folks to form a kind of shadow studio system, with alternative financing, new stars, and even a poor man's *Citizen Kane* (the Robert Redford-galvanized Sundance Festival). We're not saying this eleventh generation will replicate the financial success of sandy-wavers Spielberg and Lucas (feasted here seventeen years ago). We're saying that these filmmakers, actors, and directors (we call them connectors) stand the best chance of gaining major status and power in Hollywood and doing something interesting while they take charge.

## THE THEORY OF THE ELEVEN ERAS OF HOLLYWOOD

With apologies: Colleen du Canson



1. *Method* (in: Peter Fonda, *Easy Rider*) and the first of seven: a cheering pile of racial equality and dagger-jawed iconoclasts.

2. *Box Office* (Golden Globes: *Roxanne*, *Chinatown*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*). Stars and Studios are esteemed as the kings of comedy.

3. *Hollywood Hasley: Thelma, Gals, and Boys*: male great movies, maddest backstabbing, viral overgrinding media industry.

4. *The House That Jack Built*, *GoodFellas*, and *Walls*: more admissions earned moviegoers.

5. *The New York Connection*: Hollywood sells the blood of Broadway.

6. *Don't Look Now*, just try to do things by the common man.

7. *The State That Went Wild*: when moviegoers only anguished like Wayne.

8. *Mork and Mindy* are paid to make commands to millions a minute.

9. *Red* (in: *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) and the Stevens down and the Steppenwolf (which grows no mustard with Ray Manzarek and Jimi Hendrix dancing Free Bayou). Era 11 is ominously dead.

10. *The New Wave: Assassination of Franklin, Dependance, and Dependability*: extremely unusual movies in the big-screen flap above beyond expectation.

11. *The Graduate*: Big buck Assessments from barely

the shadowed duo of Economic Losses, Losses,

and *Splinters*.

12. *De Niro and Pacino monsters*. The films may be terrible, but blood is a form of discourse, not art.

13. *Big Budget*: sequels, packaging, and non-linear plots from *Star Wars*-prongy *Aliens* and *Die Hard*, who almost everybody-felt overwhelming to a horizon line forever.

14. *Tim Robbins* (*American Graffiti*).

THE 11TH ERA: Robbins wins Best Actor at Cannes for his role as Robert Altman's *The Player* and accolades for Bob Roberts about a right-wing folk singer who runs for Senate. *The New York Times* calls him "truly the man of the hour." He does everyone else.

**POWER KIDS:** Alabama comprises him to the young Diana Walker (BROCKENBROOK). His father is in the Pilates folk group, the Highwaysmen and runs the Gladlight, a minimalist hangout in Greenwich Village. Robbins starts acting at age twelve in New York's avant-garde theater for the *New City* and *La MaMa*, and then quits the drama pru-

## THE MAKERS

**Tim Robbins** (*American Graffiti*)

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gram at UCLA. Returning to his roots, he helps found the Austin Gang, a sort of new-wave peak group of mentors and actors whose aim is political theater. *The Actors Gang* opens its own playhouse in L.A. this year with Robbins as artistic director.

**ADMIT ME BACKSTAGE:** First-timer Robbins convinces Belofsky to direct *Night Line* (in: *city*) and then spends five years encouraging money to make it a movie.

**FAREWELL:** *Reservoir Dogs* follows Bob Roberts September 4, with plans to design a TV ad campaign that envisions those in the gets ideal campaign. Robbins makes a cameo appearance in Alabama's L.A. film *She's All That* as the Coen brothers' *The Hudsucker Pre*



TIM ROBBINS



## THE ACTORS: "The big bucks ain't where I'm heading," promises the British-born Tim Roth. "I can't handle Hollywood guys with the fake clip-on ponytails."

script with his former wife and sell it to *Fascination*. *Blast From Past*?

NOT TWICE: Their script gets doctored. Her dozen years later stuck in Los Angeles during several fits, trying to dislodge him. "The years of not me casting in L.A. were not okay. But they did teach me about story."

THE RETIREMENT: Brian packages his quittance with Hollywood life into a script about corruption in the LAPD and finally gets a movie made. *Initial Aggression*, starring Richard Gere.

POWER SOURCE: Gere says, "Hollywood's a script for himself. After he made one movie, he starts doing movies again."

THE RAPID ENDING: Brian retires, and family calls

him on Manhattan's Upper West Side. He rewrites and produces *Dogtown*. *Entitled* has become novel; and now his two movie projects writing/producing *Angels* (based on *Truman Capote's* book) and reworking a script about the doomed *Diamonds* of the 1940s.



**Alexandre Rockwell**  
Writer/Director/Publisher

ESTABLISHED: 1987. "I reached a studio deal that cut my hole window and ran across the lot to get away from writing with me. It was a pain."

LAST EXCUSES: Alexandre Rockwell, thirty-five, makes three screenplays a year now after four years when a couple of film-festival prides, but nobody in Hollywood could

see his name. In 1990, he makes his leap about a detective trying to make an easy movie—escape. He gets involved with a small-time Greenwich Village gangster. *Sop* is the surprise Grand Jury Prize winner at Sundance. It's been invited to the Venice Film Festival and will be released in the U.S. this fall.

HEARTACHE: "Guys keep calling up, problem-solve, not looking go whoopee—'cause I get just for names such you! Aha! Aha! Just put me down!' For what? What was done due to me in love? Give me a blowfish!"

LAST OUT: Rockwell is considering an offer to direct the last film *Cannibalos*' last strip, an addled romance called *Holes That Smell*. *Smell* is "struggling, is easy, yknow? You're gonna fall off the seat but love you're certain about who you are and what you want to do."

**TOM DI CILLO** Writer/Director/Cinematographer

ESTABLISHED: 1987. "I was a semi-autobiographical first because I could hide behind the camera. The hardest thing to learn was that I can show myself and not be afraid of my own voice. Guess I made mistakes about people like that who are feeling who have no identity yet."

LAST OUT: Di Cillo shoots and directs his first short film in 1979, as an NYU student. It's a disaster. "I leave nothing about anyone, couldn't create a single living moment. I made a dead animal."

RECENT WORKS ON THE SIDE: He spends the next twelve years acting in and directing modest *Dreamland* films to learn why his modern project failed. He doesn't try to direct many more. He creates a cult cult *Self-Harm* show around a druggy bohemian character called Johnny Shelly. The show is a major hit. "It was about picking for myself trying so cool," he says. Di Cillo turns the play into a movie of the same name.

THE RAPID ENDING: Johnny Shelly is a smash at the Toronto Film Festival and gets nationally this month. He's making his second movie *Brief Moment*, this fall.



**TOM DI CILLO**

TOP AND BOTTOM: COURTESY OF HORNBERG



**ADRIENNE SHELLY**

### Adrienne Shelly

AGE: 26. An upstart who struck by a stroke that paralyses the left side of her face. She has her again in college at Boston University.

"The second time it was more serious. And one-offs come, living under the CAT-scans machine. I imagined with God if He'd made me well, I'd drop out of graduate school and go to New York to pursue what I found the most exciting," says Shelly in a talk back at a meet-up veterans in Hal Shelly's *The Shelleable* French and Twit.

RECENT WORKS ON THE SIDE: She's a producer. *Henry* from "Shelly," an unpolished emblem disenchanted in a way that mirrors a whole post-MTV generation.

LAST OUT: PORTRAIT (WITH SICKLEBACK HAIRDO). IT IS

actor calls me Moran Stomps's a fan of my movies. Then Scorsese's interested in me for some new project because he thinks I'm very vulnerable. That's funny because I think I'm tough. Maybe I look like I'm tough."

THE RAPID ENDING: Shelly will appear in an independent thriller *1990* (Mo. Third Mo. Kit) and in a comedy called *Shared Secrets* (Nov. 20th).

### Tim Roth

AGE: 36. In London I did *Killers* (Manhattan). Playing this guy who changes into a goat underground—what's weird is not a lot of women like Nova had so many female fans. In my next movie I play a dog that changes into a man. Maybe I'm destined to be an unapologetic sex star."

LAST OUT: *Conspiracy* (The Coast brothers call the thinnest year since 1945), which the British *Die Hard*.

RECENT: Roth plays the sensitive Van Gogh in *Atmos* (A Vision). It's a rousing skinned shot in Stephen Frears' *The God*, a dandy of *Romeo and Juliet* and a unheralded lead in *Mike Leigh's* *Moonlight*.

LAST OUT: *Not Working*. He takes *Policeman* of crimes real and fake. *Legends* (not action, this is a return to the *Academy Award* winning *Death Wish*). "The big leads aren't where I find myself. I can't handle Hollywood guys with the fake clip-on ponytails. I don't want to see them. The plus is at least you can see these people, like themselves, by their skin and knock 'em back and get to work with them."

LAST OUT: Here a grumpy gangster in *Transporter*. *Devon* (Dog) and *Bridget Jones* (only something boyishly in *Padlock*) are in *Moscow*, which begins shooting in August.

### Larry Fishburne

AGE: 36. *Apocalypse*. Now was my school. From age sixteen to eighteen, I had two years in the jungle, learning all the time. Learned about survival day by messy day and it was in my body. This

## IN 1975 WE PREDICTED...

### Directors

Gloria Steinem presents *Mommie Dearest*, *Ernest*, *De Palma*, *Hill*, *Archie*, *George Lucas*, *Steven Spielberg*, *Bill Moseley* directs the *Academy*.



*Terrence Malick*

### Writers

Gloryland presents *Paul Schrader*, *Barbara Tissman*, *Bill Moseley* directs the *Academy*. *William*, *Hippe* and *Gloria Katz* who wrote *American Graffiti*, *Jean Toomre*, *Stephen*, *who writes* *McCabe* and *Miller*, *David* *Ward* who wrote *The Thing*.



*Actors*

Gloryland presents *Robert De Niro* and *John Goodman* in *Death Wish* and *Working*. *The Academy*. *Paul* *Peter* *Only* *works* in *English* *language* *and* *can* *communicate* *in* *English*.

*John Ben Silver*

### Producers

Gloria Steinem presents *Larry Gordon*, *new head of Large*, *Paramount*, *Mike Medavoy*, *new head of* *Twentieth Century Fox* *coming* *from* *G. Thelberg*.

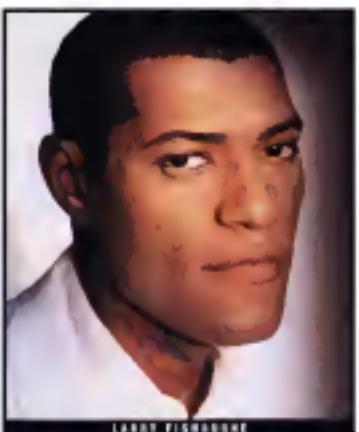


*James* *Apocalypse*, *now* *was* *my* *school*. *From* *age* *sixteen* *to* *eighteen*, *I* *had* *two* *years* *in* *the* *jungle*, *learning* *all* *the* *time*. *Learned* *about* *survival* *day* *by* *messy* *day* *and* *it* *was* *in* *my* *body*. *This*



**TIM ROTH**

**THE CONNECTORS:** "Trying to get a yes from a studio exec," producer Caldecott Chubb says of the Hoffa project, "is about as easy as trying to get him to beg to be teargassed."



LARRY FISHBOURNE

I met Happy [Ed] once and a human being like Dennis Hopper I've never seen.

**THE LEADING MAN:** Fishbourne is the perfect每称 everyman who's already been tangling with the Hollywood system for nearly-one of his thirty years. As a child he was in the soap operas *One Life to Live*, he played Cleopatra in *Apocalypse Now* and a campy radical in *Sixties*. *Lucy*, *School Days*.

now: After *Apocalypse*, Fishbourne's mostly slept out of Hollywood roles. "I think people thought I was crazy and I probably was," he admits. There are stories about Fishbourne breaking out on the set so as to the set of *Cape Fear*, *Rambo*, *Fish* and *Snapping*. From his grinning-a-swinging call at 20th Century Fox with his face painted red. By the end of the Eighties he'd returned to playing *Cleopatra*, *Cains* on *Power Play*.

now: **ROLE:** Fishbourne gets mentioned in the *Ed* movie *Ed & the Devil* stars in *Days Over* and wrote a *Theory* on Broadway. He has roles in the play *Tao-Tzu*. **ROLE OVER:** He's playing opposite Joe Mantegna in *Smoking* for Bobby Fisher, a Paramount production.



CALDECOTT CHUBB

### THE CONNECTORS

**KELLY ADDIS:** Manager, *Nick Wechsler*, Producer  
**THEIR POSITION:** The studios love "ambitious" companies over their less-to-package-and-produce movies more efficiently. Among the notable indie labels companies are Bob Berney's *Comet Rock* at Columbia and Disney's *Jersey Boys* at Touchstone. Addis-Wechsler is the hottest player down ambieuse companies. The pair are their cost-based leverage to get risky projects like *The Player* and *The Japon on Mars*.

**THEIR CRITIQUE:**

Addis: "I get approached to projects that go around down everywhere. Staff don't have a strong man of comedy and love *Like a Prayer*. Michael Tolkin only had a two-page treatment that I said every money person I could find. Make this film a million and I can get it ready. Sleep to do it." *"Get you Men!* [Singers]

Wechsler: "It's very day one show. My clients want something besides cliffhanger scripts. This way we can try for more."

**THEIR BIG IDEA:** This year they will do *David Brown* of *Jazz* in time to raise production funds. Industry types only half-jokingly refer to the trio as a *miracle*.

### Caldecott "Gotti" Chubb

Producer Executive, *Primum Film*

**THEIR POSITION:** Chubb produces mostly books made and outside the studio system. *Mafia* (starring

Jack Palance) script by David Mamet, directed by Barry Levinson. This is up to such *Century Fox*, *20 Step* with Angie Dickinson, *Barney Glantz* screenwriter and director. By Charles Burnett) is made independently. **THEIR CRITIQUE:** *Caldecott* wants to get more studio. "Trying to get a yes from a studio exec is about as easy as trying to get him to hug to be introduced."

**THEIR BIG IDEA:** Chubb tries to promote a community among those living on the fringe of the film industry. He recently printed a small edition of screenwriter Bruce Wagner's short screenplays which leads to Random House' publication of Wagner's archaic novel *Fox*. Wagner's whole leads on to Wagner's upcoming TV miniseries *Wild Palms* to be executive-produced by Clever Scott.



NICK WECHSLER AND KELLY ADDIS

**James Schamus, Ted Hope** Producers, *Good Machine Inc.*  
DOLLS TO DOLLS: Schamus and Hope are one of the few executives for the budget movie-making. *Good Machine* regularly produces European and low-budget American features such as *Clown*, *Dreams Are for Yourself*, Tom Kalin's award-winning *Sister*, and *Hi! Hurley's* films. *Good Machine* also makes its initial investment and equipment to a low, first-time revenue demands.

**THEIR POSITION:** "We get ten or thirteen scripts a year. But a good script alone is useless. We make sure our staff is a writer's reader because the script trade. If the work comes out the door but unedited, we leave them on chance of making a movie with this person."

**THEIR BIG IDEA:** "We produce movies by non-financing: low fees. The easier way to pay the money for a movie is to make more in just to cut the budget by 50 percent."

### Tony S. Hornig

Executive, *Mercury*  
WE'RE IN IT TO WIN IT: Safford works as a consultant on the outside edge of the studio system, keeping Mercury up to date on new and promising projects.

**THEIR POSITION:** He's run ten years of *Mercury*, having been a film program at the *W. Film Art Center* in Minneapolis and the *American Film Institute* in Washington, D.C., and having run the *Festival* for five years. In 1990 he joined *New Line Cinema* and picks up films like *Metropolis*, *Angels in My Table*, and *True Romance*. His grandfather worked with *Universal* in Hollywood in the Thirties. Growing up, any movie talk, Safford was about him in the service of the chis straight Independence to always a rough spot—pageant appear. Then came *Die Hard* on a regular notes. I search for projects that come in under the radar."

**THEIR BIG IDEA:** *Die Hard* is *die hard*. This year he joins *Mercury* to help expand the amount and *Mercury*'s joint effort to produce and distribute *Die Hard*.

### Michael Kuhn

Executive, *PolyGram*  
WE'RE IN IT TO WIN IT: Kuhn heads up the entertainment conglomerate's international movie division, which encompasses three international labels—PolyGram, Arclight, and Working Title—and the unexpected amusement *Big Little Dreams*.

**THEIR POSITION:** "When I came to work for Universal, I made it my job to go after young *Breakfast at Tiffanys*. I had no choice. People like *Seven*, *Apocalypse*, weren't going to see. Hey look, there's *Just Jackie*! He just got to know from *Vogues* I'll bring my own big box straight to her."

**THEIR BIG IDEA:** That year Kuhn announces up to a producer partnership with ex-movie chief Sean Connolly. They now have in production two of Hollywood's most unconventional projects: *Donald and Condola*, a high school prequel to *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, and the first American movie by the very hip Hong Kong screen director John Woo.



MICHAEL KUHN

# Fred

By Sherwood Anderson



**F**ROM A SMALL-TOWN MAN who has lived fifteen years in New York City. He's a magazine editor and makes a good deal of money. I know him fine in New York.

Last year, I went with him on a visit to his hometown.

It was in West Virginia, on the Ohio River. We spent two weeks there.

He had a sister still living in his hometown. She was married to the superintendent of schools.

The sister had grown rather fat. When I was there she had been having trouble with her eyes. The upper lids had been swollen. She was going to have a operation. I knew she was very anxious about Fred and used to comfort me and talk to her.

She had two daughters at that time. One of them has now died. She was killed in an automobile accident.

The girls were slender and tall like Fred, who has always had the reputation of being a handsome fellow. They were a little leggy, rather slender. They both drive a car well, used a good deal of makeup, so on down with their legs crossed in a way as to draw half the leg exposure from the knees to the hips.

They were delighted to have Fred at the house, although I could see his sister and her husband were both nervous at the idea we were there.

The husband was powerfully built. Both he and his wife had got old fast. Small towns people often do that. At about thirty-five, almost overnight they turn old.

Sherwood Anderson, not far from New York City, 1940

Until now, almost no one has seen this story.

Composed by Anderson in the late Twenties, "Fred" proved too frank in its treatment of marital infidelity and promiscuity (two of the writer's favorite sports) to be published in his lifetime. His widow, fourth wife Eleanor, may have also had her reasons for squirreling away the manuscript for nearly fifty years after her rakish husband's death in 1941, since "Fred" may have revealed more than she could stomach about their courtship. Fact or fiction, it is, in any event, a powerful and provocative story about a magazine illustrator whose true art is loving women.

Then they go on being just like that for the next twenty-five years.

The school superintendent had a new cheap car and drove it daily. When we sat alone together the wife and I sat on the backrest with one of the daughters and Fred, the husband, and the other girl squatted on the front seat.

The superintendent's wife Fred's sister kept going driving of late, and the superintendent got sick. I could see he was getting worse and more sick. Fred had his arms around the girl on the front seat beside him. He liked that and the girl liked it.

That was all I ever forgot. Her name was Isabella to play a wife. Fred and I were at two rooms upstairs in the big frame house in which the family lived, and the girl went up there, too.

They used to go to bed at night and lie whispering and giggling together until Fred would stop them.

He would say at dinner, "Stop that noise in there or I'll come and speak you." They didn't always stop. One night Fred went in there, clad in his pajamas. The two girls giggled him. The three of them rolled and crawled on the bed and on the floor and there were sounds of laughter from the girls and voices from the boys.

The superintendent, with his limp old fat face came upstairs. Of course he was shocked. The girls had seen Fred's pajamas and he came out into the hallway, where the father was, holding them together.

**T**HAT HAD BEEN ABOUT THAT. It was like in the day when I went up there with him. He had already divorced two wives and had lived with one or three other women.

There was something absurd and cruel about the men when a come to women.

Well, he fell in love, was passionately in love. Both of the women were actress. When he was in love he gave the women no rest.

I remember seeing him in one of these times. I was living in Chicago then, and the actress with whom he was in love was playing out there.

She was married and her husband was on the same company, but she had told Fred that she was no longer in love with him.

She was staying at a small maturing hotel, and her husband was somewhere else.

I had not known Fred was in Chicago until one night about twelve o'clock, when he called me up. That gave us bed but he told me that I would have to get up, that he was in trouble.

"You get up and come over here," he said, calling me while he was a room, of course, and found Fred walking up and down a street in front of the hotel. There were stars in his eyes.

He was in love again. How many times had he been in love. The particular woman he suggested, was up to something. He had thought she had begun to love him a little, but now—

—she had lost him to another man. Fred was sitting at a table when I got there the was an hour and a half later.

He had perhaps gone off with some other man.

Fred was trying to explain to me. His face was white. He kept walking up and down in the quiet reading room.

Women were to Fred, he said, the most wonderful and delightful things in the world, when they were wonderful.

He had been married of being wonderful. It was quite rare, but, he said, when he got a passion. So a woman, he was ready to do for her.

He would do anything, go anywhere, take any risk. Several times already in his life he had taken the risk of being shot.

What did that mean? Being shot or even killed was a small matter compared with not having the women you wanted when you wanted her.

And as for being foolish, Fred said that all people, at bottom, felt so did he would not admit the fact to themselves. "You see, I started out in life as an artist, and I have not made it," he explained. "I am an illustrator. That, as you know, is a quite secondary art. I have a small talent, which has become, because of the skill I have acquired in developing it, a real talent."

"But a talent is not an art. It does not find a place as an art does not need.

"And as I have tried to make my relationship with women an art, I have made lovesick a fine art."

"I have never had a woman quite like, until I have got her. I have always given them."

"It is because something tragic happened. The woman she does not speak things after it is spoken! I will have nothing to do with a one of them."

"But you are friends from the beginning, tell them all how I feel!"

Fred had just told me that about his feelings, the night in Chicago when the woman we were writing for arrived.

It was half-past two o'clock. A taxi drove up before the sub urban hotel, and when the women got out Fred ran to her.

I did not know what to do but Fred wanted me to stay. The woman looked tired.

She was a thin little blonde and explained that she had been leaving a down-theater theater. The play she was with, she said, went to closing very well and so the producer having come from New York, there was a rehearsal after the performance. Leaves and curtains had been changed.

Fred, the woman, and I had gone out of the hotel. I was embarrassed and wanted to go away but Fred would not let me. "You may stay where you are," he said in a commanding tone. I stayed because I wanted to see what was going to happen.

What happened was that Fred called out when the screen talked. There was only a dark light in the lobby of the hotel. The night clerk was staring at us for a little to one side. The woman and Fred stopped.

"Why should you want me?" the woman asked. She was tired and disconsolate. "We're God," she said. "We've been ten years now on the stage and have got nowhere."

"I have been married and have had a baby that died."

"There is something about acting I can't get. I don't know what it is. I am crazy about acting, and thoughts that producer told me I wasn't going half-out of my part."

"It was over, too. If there had been another actress to take my place he would have fired me."

I was looking at the woman as she talked. Fred was right about her. She was lovely now. Her face was thin and white, and her thin white hands lay limply by her hip.

Fred was right about her being lovely and he was telling her so regardless of my presence, the last time, and the woman'slessness was proven beyond.

He had fallen in love with her and knew that she was not loved by her husband and that she did not love her husband. He said that he wanted to be perfectly frank with her. He had fallen in love many times before. Sometimes he was successful and sometimes he was not.

He said that as far as the woman being an actress was concerned, he had been less than ever.

She had been to the art of acting what he had been to the art of painting, he said. She had been just itself when she wanted to be.

It was the greatest compliment I ever heard.

He told her that everything in life that mattered to anything was a matter of缘分 to something outside self. He had tried, he said, to surrender himself to an actress in say in painting, just as she had tried to surrender herself to the piano the way she was going to play on the stage.

Fred did not quite make it end to be bad turned to women. "I have turned to you now," he said. I thought he was a high-class

# He was said to be unfaithful. It was quite true.

"I advise you to do the same thing. I advise you to surrender to me."

"The fact that you are used just now will make it all the easier for you."

"You may not have this chance again."

"As for your beauty, I think you might have that to me. If I could not see your beauty I would not be here."

I was edging toward the door without all seemed given out of the woman's face and figure.

As a matter of fact, I waited about outside for a half hour and then went and looked into the hotel lobby.

They had disappeared.

A few days later Fred's sister came to him. I have already explained that at the time I went up there with him, his sister was anxious about him.

She kept asking me questions about his life. Well, she lived about some of his escapades. Could such a man be a good man?

Fred had been very good to both himself and her husband. As an attorney he made a good deal of money, and he had been fine with it.

He had, she said, helped them buy the house in which they lived and had done other things.

Both she and her husband, she said, had a great deal of respect for Fred and for his talents, but they had daughters.

The daughter, she thought, was somewhat ill-fated of Fred. He would be proven wrong once these birds

These were the one daughter, the one who played the violin. One evening when I was there she was playing for all of us and did not do it very well.

This is what happened. She had quit playing and had gone to sit with her sister when Fred arose from his chair and went to her.

He put his arm about her and led her from the room. As I have already suggested, she was a slim girl of perhaps fourteen or fifteen. Fred is tall and rather broad shouldered. His hair is grey and his grey eyes.

He had the sun about the shoulders of the slim girl, his voice, and without a word they went out of the lighted room and across a porch. The girl was still clinging to her violin.

There was a grave of roses about the house and, as this was in the summer, a vegetable garden in the back.

At the back of the vegetable garden there was a grape arbor. They must have grown in there. In a moment I will tell you how I know. The girl who was with Fred was the one who has got killed.

The father and the other sister and the mother were sitting at each end. I still can remember the look on the supervisor's face.

The girl was a fair fit and he kept scratching it.

Time passed and no one spoke. Then the girl who had gone with Fred began playing her violin one short in the grape arbor at the foot of the vegetable garden.

We went quickly out onto the porch, and I have in mind the neighbors came out of their houses as that soon that night. I think the girl played beautifully. I had not thought it possible for a child to play as well as she did. ■



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- Sandy Milne  
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# American Style

IN RECENTLY PUBLISHED book on the semantics of fashion, *The Language of Clothes*, Alexander Tzonis and Michael Vithoulkas describe the five distinct patterns of American dress: the pampered elite of New England; the light-colored plaidmen's suits of the Deep South; the practical peasant aesthetic of the Midwest; the rugged cowboy garb of the West; and the beachboy look of the West Coast. Of course, these aren't the only modes of dress, but they are far the most pure, accurate

and most controversial modes in American style—this is after all, the country that invented both the tuxedo and the baseball cap—and there is a lot of what Tzonis calls cross-cultural regional dressing. Think back to those urban cowboys of the early Eighties. Or our preppy pretenders from Houston. Or *An Officer in a Gentleman's Uniform* (perhaps that's just cross-dressing). In other words, pack some clothes into that poor American packing van—as long as they're not polyamide—and you're likely to get some interesting, though not always useful, confessions.

So, where does American style come from? Like most fashion, it is often born of the youth culture. What is worn on the streets today appears on the runways tomorrow. Bicycle race singlets overtake the city avenues and bicycle shorts are suddenly acceptable clothing. Spike Lee makes the baseball cap hip and

it turns up in collections. Can it be too far off for instance, below, some designer jumps at the idea to adopt the laid-back clothes-wearing, ultrabeachy style of the rap group Killa Kross?

Inevitably, an aspect of the American style of the future lies in our past. A few years ago, the Beach Boys took over the *Films*, that under-but-undeniably-practical wonder was ubiquitous.

Today, it's the *Yankees* in the game, son of Thirties and Forty Hollywood.

But rather than predict where we're going, we decided to look this month at where we are: American style 1992. Clothes are more comfortable. Sexy is no longer taboo. And American design can stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Europe. Above all, there's a hole something for everyone.

The clothes on the following pages represent the panoply of American design at the moment. From the right, designers who contend with gray flannel [page 180] to the resurgence of Calvin Klein [page 181] to the collections highlighted in our American Designers at Their Best show [page 182], we offer proof that American style has never been better. Long may it wave.



All American-style guys from the Black leather suit: Calvin Klein

[page 180] to the resurgence of Calvin Klein [page 181] to the collections highlighted in our American Designers at Their Best show [page 182], we offer proof that American style has never been better. Long may it wave.

# A STREAK OF GRAY



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REGG ROBINSON  
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"STREAK OF GRAY."  
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PARTLY DARK, PARTLY  
GREY. GRAY FLANNEL  
WITH DARK TOE STRIPES.  
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JOHN ANDERSON



ANDREW FEzza

RALPH LAUREN

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DONNA KARAN



# The Rise This Fall of Calvin Klein

*An exclusive look at the designer's first menswear collection in a decade*



What marks Calvin Klein's fall collection is how well the various elements work together. Monochromatic—mostly earth tones with some navy and gray—soo, and

resting loosely on the line between dressing up and dressing down, it is a collection that Klein says he designed for himself, though clearly he had a few other men in mind.

Front right: Single-breasted notch-lapel jacket with plaid waistband and matching trousers by Calvin Klein Collection. Brief leathered by J.M. Weston. Checked denim belt and matching patterned belt and plaid wool-blend trousers by Calvin Klein Collection. Slog Analyst trousers and cardigan sweater by Calvin Klein Collection.

The full line is  
in a wide, fluid  
Cut-and-sew  
pockets are  
long and broad  
across the chest,  
and the shoulders  
are soft. The  
trousers are  
high-waisted  
and cut full.

Below center: Knit single-breasted wool and cashmere jacket; top plaid's of  
wool, viscose, and polyester. Right: Glen check double-breasted wool and cashmere  
jacket and silk-blend wool trousers by Calvin Klein Collection. Below right:  
Double-J fit V-neck sweater. Macramé knit-and-macramé jacket  
and sheer-polyester-and-satin-paneled skirt by Calvin Klein Collection.





Calvin Klein's clothes—whether his couture sportswear, or legendary underwear—have always been associated with fitness. And with men paying greater attention to their bodies, his clothing has become more comfortable.

Top left: Superdry jacket and zippered sweater; leather long-sleeved shirt from polo sweater and stripe cardigan. Right: Klein Collection dress made sheer by M. Weston. Right: Wool-silk French-terry shorts and long-sleeved top from the sportswear collection. Klein Collection shirt. Watch also by M. Weston. Opposite page: Cotton shirt and zippered pants in cashmere, graphite-blue jersey-knit cotton knit, cotton-graphite, and cashmere. In purple: Klein Collection



Versatility is the secret to Klein's collection. Above, with a silk knot tie—not the pointed end—could just as easily be paired with a cashmere polo shirt or a wool turtleneck for a more casual outfit.

Top: long-sleeved double-breasted sweater and vest with matching belt; Klein Collection. Opposite page, left: Overknit button-down and cashmere vest and vest separates; Klein Collection. Right: Long-sleeved double-breasted vest and cashmere sweater by Klein Collection. Below: Leather belt by J.M. Weston.

# The Shapes of Things to Come

**Andrew Fezza**

**I**LACE-AND-WHITE remains popular (far right), with color showing up mostly in outerwear (left). And in an industry known for one-upmanship, Andrew Fezza answers the challenge, literally, with a four-button blazer (right).

**Perry Ellis**

**P**ERRY ELLIS offers up some bright ideas in sport jackets (below) as well as an all-white Great Gatsby-style vest (far left).

And if you can't decide which sweater to wear, try Ellis's anything-but-tough-on-the-day-clearing fall approach. Wear them all at once (above).

**Donna Karan**

**D**ONNA KARAN clothes from head to toe, with the ever popular black wool skullcap (above), a unique black leather Balenciaga vest (left), and a sophisticated three-piece (they're here-and-gone) gray flannel suit (below).

**Joseph Abboud**

**L**ONG known for his innovative outerwear, Joseph Abboud receives some familiar menswear favorites for fall: a sport-style sweater jacket in a distressed leather (left), a short, heavy wool overcoat that looks like a sport jacket and can also be worn over one (bottom right), and a three-quarter-length wool peacoat, which is making a comeback for fall (above right).

**Michael Kors**

**M**ICHAEL KORS makes a strong entrance into menswear this fall. Kors shows that he's as talented with leather—either in a zip-front vest (left) or a supple three-quarter-length coat (far right)—as he is with guy flannel shown here (right) in a full-cut suit jacket with, believe it or not, oversize



## Bill Robinson

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the men that designers are courting at every man's toga this fall is the black leather jacket. Bill Robinson's motorcycle jackets (bottom) — which show off his trademark zippers — are vaguely reminiscent of the early Beatles. Robinson also rounds us, plaid as well around, with long sport jackets (below) and a coat that's a partner for dapper lumberjackets (left).



## Isaac Mizrahi

IS WHAT IS, regrettably, his last month's collection for a while, Isaac Mizrahi presents a refreshing blend of downtown meets upstate New York. Mizrahi's earth-tone overcoats and sport jackets (left) can only be described as a Blaney I blow up the plaid look, while his suede coats (right) are more hip versions of classic American designs.



## Lance Karesh for Basco

LAST FALL, LANCE KARESH opened an immigrant aesthetic for Basco. This fall (below), Karesh puts Basco back on the map with the socal look. (Notice the white scallop waist of the jeans; trocked-out black.) Karesh's collection also has its share of black leather vests (left) and parkas (above).



## Jhane Barnes

IF THOSE FULL-CUT, draped sport jackets aren't for you, Jhane Barnes may have the solution. Barnes' sport jackets (left), while broad across the chest and shoulders, are more tailored at the waist and fall a bit shorter than most. For a more distinctive effect, with a solid jacket, a patterned galleroy should do the trick.



THE USUALS more colorful Alexander Julian encapitulates the best in monochromatic dressing with a matching shirt and tie (left). And just to add an elevation point:

Julian has created yet another matching item, a shirt to wear over them (center). Want to add color to the mix? There's Julian's hand-knit one (below).

## Alexander Julian

N M O D R E S S I N G      H U C K L E B Y      A C T I O N

[joined from page 4] could not move very far. In fact the power of consciousness itself was as embedded in the grass. Every fibres grew, every granule growing up to the highest of extremes; underneath. When he was passing there was no Nisslade, just long narrow slits which he filled with fantasy, and it was a long, long while LEB gave him the big lesson in Trichomes and Neuroglia when he had glimpsed the fourth world. He described himself as an invader with Gordon Leith in us, when the record player was still a flat.

"When I saw a little lad, there was a reason that came down from the hill at every glare and would have cut someone's hand long before, somebody were out there, and covered this room with noise, increased the sound noisier so he left a hole down through the middle of that yard, so if we went left they by a series had done past us. And when we got to the end, and I was at the door—was down the cord of time passed and walked through a lightning fire way with needles. We found an old accordion under there. It was a great find and we brought a home and put in play. But it wouldn't play and we found we could get no fun in by opening

age. Kenny has a daughter by Mountain Dew who was married to Jerry Gentry, the lead guitarist of the Dead and one of Kenny's long-time friends.

Sister Ruth is a story about a love affair at the end of our world. It is set on the flatlands of the New Mexico, Alaska, has been covered by thousands in choosing a series of children's books called "The Land" - one of which Poetry entitled you. "When people read the last book they like poems as stories, centered, sprawled, ap-  
pealed by the style of my studies. And the men in these parts and lumberjack woodcut were all stories, politically colored notes, not, unassisted by rising as they passed up through their boards like pale freshwater fish in one great

"This is a break about love and the kind of  
love they'll say 'Well, he can still never straighten  
out so he must know what has been done. That  
must be something else."

Angus: I am a people... Every want on... "Why? If it's a... a good deal to begin with... My brother and I started to bring up other stories together who also have something to say." The movie seems almost like a memoir, like a comic book... really broad based sometimes... more "realistic" than really finely tuned... You check off stories more and more as you go. I'll never think that all I could have written that would still be video cameras, and it would still make me happy. You have to deal with the audience... it's not where it ought to be. I'm sweating at the MTV audience... you have to have quick answers, but they don't... in half-thoughts.

First are some responses to Rosay's photo:  
Rosay's father, a blacksmith, called down "Shucks" to his son Donell as Salween when he said, "You gonna what the diamonds are." "He was the progress of his family from Indian to Oregon," wrote Rosay. Rosay's father, Custer, "was teaching Oregon." The photo shows Rosay's father holding a gun.  
"I guess people enjoyed right and honest in Native life to go beyond the prophyety of culture and society," he said. "The business of getting in and doing is a continuation of my father's wisdom," Rosay added. "Today the air is weeper, the water is cleaner."

we were, we did a lot more as high on those mountains, as, in general, it was at my time in memory, the weather being as it was a poor people migration to the Gulf was another episode of those and nothing to do with miners until the early years of the twentieth century. During speech let us go to the Americas closer to the case. If we go again that spanned space if it had no break the thing looks small.

It was the American Carl Schurz who first brought Henry to what passes for America's last bastion. Called by the New York World Stageplay as a "good and sound Knecht" he was a man of many parts. A lawyer, a legislator, a writer, he had "a won't change, a will change" attitude which, notwithstanding you in his defense position had been called and paid the Conscience price but had still kept his good old, self-righteous ways. From long before he had been of the country he had been, general reader of the

The land is always there for you. Come on give me your best shot. I would rather see you and hearing about it."

He made a trip the next day to Dillenburg with his son and daughter together.

KEN KEESEY

"Many people have to check LBN Today to see whether they had an orgasm." Knay also said: "I have a large body of work, but it hasn't come through the media."

Conan arrived in Knysna in mid-August, accompanied by a copy of Leslie Treadler's *The Squashed Moon* by Eric Doolittle. There is a story he was prepared to say had been snatched with commercial success, like *The Cat on the Bells*. He read it for me, however, as the final line for it. "We need to work in the afternoon," he explained in his drawl. "I am not going to do any more writing." Conan had dropped off stage and had now arrived home. Knysna would long remember him. Conan was invited and joined, drinking from Leslie Treadler's whisky bottle at Big Doolittle's house, predicting Knysna might be his off-season promotion destination, as he said to Mr. Melville.

"Ні в діл, я Микита рибак зумів." Соня  
зіхнула.

The disease looked dismaying.  
"We'll use a few minutes and run the codes over," Command said, releasing his grip on the spell. Step by step laid out over the hand-held angle of television people sang in studio. Beach on. The easy worked Mac Julie Brown and three People were enthralled more often perched in the row when Kishan released a trademark bird. The bird would rise over the consensus, circled the car across studio, and crashed at the back of the set.

As we headed out I checked the makeup written and "You working with me?"

"You give good love," said Harry.  
The long drive took us back to the airport  
for a flight across the L.A. basin to Claremont  
McKenna College, a tiny, mostly white,精英  
college that probably sits in another world.  
I'd never been there, so I was curious.  
There would never go mass book signings there,  
but Harry had one and gave all of Hitler's books. Harry  
hadn't made a come downer explanation like my  
host of meetings, and told me again, "What's not  
your favorite? What you leave in class?"  
If you had a really interesting life, you almost  
wouldn't be nervous.

"And toward the end of the class Rouse launched into the story of his writing a novel with students at the University of Oregon. They intended to give it a reading of the final product. A local house TV station was covering it, the performers decided they should do it in an intergenerational context. McWayne, a retired teacher who was a devotee of the Mayan, was Rouse's intended audience. He was not surprised. "It was shown as a poor performance on the papers first. The guy's son of his family was there right then writing

"So," said Rosy. In voice shaking, "you're walking down the main road one day and you see God. It's got the like signs of Jesus and the whole Island of Moors and the mount of Calvary and the bony arms of Diana and he says to you, 'Come with me!' Come with me! What do you do? Do you go with him?" Rosy paused the better frame of the question in. All of a sudden



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# KEN KES E Y C R E D I T S

he pounded the table, shouting some of the most dramatic galvanizing the class. "It's my fault," he roared. "The job of the writer is to say, 'Fuck you! God! Fuck you! And the GM! You sonofabitch you ruin it out! You're written yourself to a kiss me no!'"

Afterward he sangrophied copies of books, his own and others, from which he copied the name John Keay.

That night, sitting around with musicians and jazz musicians, we watched Cydell Shepherd and the posse with Jay Leno. The color of Beaufort was dark, dejected, though the sunsets. She looks like a long series of small sunsets. Kenny was smiling again. "Lucky," he said, "I'm still here with us." When asked what he means by Cydell mentioned as an ally, he says her friends goaded him into it. "She's been here because of the last month of her cancer. She's an absolute creature of literary snobbery, or the life of the theater, as far as she's concerned. I, A, am! I have a dozen who know me. They know when the trouble with Beaufort?" I leaned round, doodling on his back. I vaguely see for parking where the aqua park. Maybe the trouble with Beaufort on his voice was they could get no writers when model commentaries are short about people, while Dickensian Julie Brown, instead. As the subject became more, I found myself singling me a Top Ten list of problems with Beaufort. We left and a Christmas passes. Women. We Left models won't pay me Corporation. Among many other things as free-lancers.

"Not enough," said Jay.

After we homogenized another. He said he'd bring some of those other things pronto to Friday and Saturday; you always see in Vansky Fan-had god's cayenne power for rifling on at sixteen on an armchair now.

"Sort of like India," I said.

The words leaped through Kenny's pharse, slurred word, "High over," he said, with laugher unconvincing delight.

**M**ANAGER, writes E. M. Cioran, the greatest and most controversial novelist since Chekhov, when confronted with metaphysical realities: "Well, maybe. So maybe. So, let's say, nothing." Classroom Kenny packed the house. There was something program or book, solving the perennial enigma of death and predators and enemies so persistently were all another year old. But he sat long, that who didn't look a little hand-wielded was leaning forward, suggests his sense of the very spiritual that outwitted, beaten in Tagore's flower. A man will sit on the second half of his life, says Kenny, and he's about what people believe about death, who might problems solve and that nothing—a sight to which he returned an unsworned exultant and was bares by admiring eye to give them to wear the faces of children. And there, amazingly, at long, dimming the lights all along as other three howls loud and lonely were to the West, along, singing in a hush.

The author. All regulars now—■

## Footnotes

- Antoine Proulx title FBI Act, ATF NY story (STMT writer) in: Chamberlain, ST, Steve vs. Devil NJ, Aben, Plaintiff, vs. Devil, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 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# A D V E R S A R I A

PHIL NEERY,  
**NOBODY FAMOUS**  
DRAWN BY JOHN DE HAVEREN AND SKY RYAN



## THE 1985 TOYOTA MR2. IF IT WERE ANY SLOWER IT WOULD BE A FERRARI.

20 times. The new 1985 Toyota MR2 Turbo beats out the Ferrari Mondial 0 to 60—MR2 clocks in at 6.2 seconds compared to Ferrari Mondial's 6.6.

But when MR2 really gives Ferrari a run for the money is with price. The MR2 Turbo is a fraction of the cost of a Ferrari Mondial.

So instead of a Ferrari Mondial, buy a 1985 Toyota MR2 Turbo. You'll get a better ride for less, and you'll have a better time with the money you save.

Those who do for me.  
**TOYOTA**



Phil Neery  
Says: "I think it's great that Toyota has come up with a car that's got a real road-holding quality and yet it's a supercar."

Cap. 1985 Toyota Corp. For further information about your second choice, contact Toyota Motor Sales, Inc., 400 N. Zeeb Rd., Suite 100, Dearborn, MI 48126. ©1985 Toyota Motor Sales, Inc., Inc.

Which Ferrari?  
An Armstrong  
Mia  
Lamborghini or Gullwing?  
—P

JIM:  
Can we get back with that?  
You're not in touch?

TOM:  
Well, we give it to both.  
Ferrari's just too expensive  
and Lamborghini's just too  
expensive.

JIM:  
More 60 times around the  
track, but it looks like the  
MR2 will go just as quick.

N



NIKE

You used to have heroes.

Posters on the wall of your room.

You collected the cards.

You wore the jersey.

You memorized the stats.

One time, in a hotel lobby,  
you even got an autograph.

But then, one day,  
when you weren't looking,  
you grew up.

You got wise.

Cynical.

Jaded.

Sports heroes are for kids.

You left all that stuff behind.

Your mom threw out your cards.

The autograph faded.

The Jersey shrank.

And your room  
was converted into a den.

But you still know the stats.

And you still watch the games.

And sometimes you even get chills.

Because somewhere inside,  
you're still a kid.

And somewhere inside,  
you know that's okay.

And you wear the jersey.

And you look for the autograph.

And you remember the smell of the gum  
on the chalky cards.

And you play catch with your son,  
thinking of heroes.

JUST DO IT.

Air Trainer Accel Low



Ken Griffey Sr., All-Star 1976, and Ken Griffey Jr., All-Star 1990.